VOICES OF THE AGE

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VOICES OF THE AGE

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Edited by

J. PRESLEY POUND

With an Introduction by

PETER AINSLIE

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD
(*page* VII)

INTRODUCTION
(*page* XI)

THE WAY TO UNITY
Galatians VI : 15
Charles H. Brent
(*page* 3)

IS RELIGION A BURDEN?
Isaiah XLVI : 1, 3–4
Henry Sloan Coffin
(*page* 15)

THE EQUATION OF THE NEW LIFE
John I : 42
Ozora Davis
(*page* 29)

A WORLD MIND
Philippians II : 5
Sherwood Eddy
(*page* 46)

CHRISTIANITY'S SUPREME RIVAL
Acts XVI : 21
Harry Emerson Fosdick
(*page* 69)

DESPAIR AND FAITH
Job II : 9, *Psalm* XLII : 11
George A. Gordon
(*page* 86)

Contents

THE RECOVERY OF A LOST ENTHUSIASM
Luke VII : 32
Lynn Harold Hough
(*page* 97)

THE INNER LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN
Psalm LXIII : 1
W. R. Inge
(*page* 109)

BREADWINNING AND SOUL-SAVING
Matthew XI : 28
Lawrence Pearsall Jacks
(*page* 132)

THE NURSERY OF SOULS
Isaiah XXXV : 1
Rufus M. Jones
(*page* 145)

PRAYER FROM THE INSIDE
Psalm LI : 10
Francis John McConnell
(*page* 159)

THE RECOVERY OF RELIGION AS A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE
Romans I : 17
Charles Clayton Morrison
(*page* 169)

RELIGION AND HOPE
II *Peter* III : 3–4
Reinhold Niebuhr
(*page* 189)

THE SUPREME TASK OF THIS AGE
Matthew XXIV : 7
Frederick William Norwood
(*page* 198)

WAR AND HUMAN NATURE
Ephesians IV : 31
Ernest Fremont Tittle
(*page* 212)

FOREWORD

THE search for the voices among voices in the religious world is not something new. It has ever been a process — " always moving, ever changing." Today, as in all ages, humanity is searching for those who have messages from the Infinite. Today, as ever, man is choosing for himself the ones to whom he will listen. To whom is this generation listening?

In starting this project, we had in mind two groups of people — (1) recognized leaders in the field of the Christian ministry (including educators) and (2) students. From the former we sought to find the men whose prophetic voices were recognized among the leaders themselves. From the latter we wanted to find the voices among voices to which they were listening. To accomplish this end we prepared a questionnaire which was sent to more than a thousand leading ministers and educators throughout the Christian world — Germany, France, England, etc. Seven hundred and sixty-three made reply. By this method we found the mind of the leaders, but how could we find the mind of the students seeing we have no " Who's Who " of leading

students? A professor in a Southern University suggested a method. Self-addressed postal cards were prepared which were sent to the professors in sixty-eight representative colleges and seminaries, — Chicago, Yale, Union, Boston, etc., — with the request that a card be given to each of the ten outstanding students in the school. Professors and students very cheerfully complied with our request for five hundred and eighty-nine students made reply. The results of the two groups were compared. The ones who had received the greatest number of votes in one group and at the same time stood among the upper twenty-five of the other group were declared chosen. In other words, they were the chosen ones of both groups voting separately. This volume, alphabetically arranged, is an answer to our question — To whom is this generation listening?

It would seem like a work of supererogation for me to write biographical notes concerning each of these great men — household names in Christendom. Every contributor to this volume feels that after all he is but a fellow-laborer with all those who are looking for the sunrise. Yet I am sure that the reader, as he turns page after page in this book and feels the passion and purity of purpose of these collaborators will feel what the editor felt when he first read the manuscripts:

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man"

WORDSWORTH

The editor is indebted to Thomas Nelson & Sons for their kind permission to quote certain texts from the American Revised Version, and to *The Living Age* for permission to print the poem by Humbert Wolfe on page 194.

He also wishes to tender his grateful thanks to those others who have contributed in some way to this volume and trusts that those whose words he has used will feel that in so doing he has sought to extend their power and usefulness; to the busy ministers, professors, and students, for their splendid cooperation; to the collaborators, for their priceless contributions, and to Mildred Griffin Nash for her untiring secretarial efforts to make this volume what it is.

As this book goes to press there comes the sad news of the passing of the beloved Bishop Charles H. Brent. He was true, fearless, and humble. The granting of the permission to use his sermon in this book was one of his last official acts. The world has lost a great soul, but his blessing shall live on forever.

J. PRESLEY POUND

Catonsville, Baltimore

INTRODUCTION

It may be said with some confidence that there has never been a period of history when sermons have been more eagerly read than now. The church has had a tremendous jolt in recent years, but the pulpit is speaking with a courage and with a clarity of thought that command attention. Through the centuries there have been a few outstanding preachers here and there; today it is not difficult to find scores of preachers that take their places with the best. Almost any city can furnish a list of preachers whose names command attention and whose voices are calls to make real the kingdom of God among men. In smaller towns may be found preachers who will compare well with those more renowned.

There are instances, of course, where the pew controls the pulpit, perhaps consciously, and, in other instances, unconsciously. It may be the influence of wealth or social prestige or conservatism, or, sometimes the preacher belongs to that great crowd of timid men who are afraid to think. Be that as it may, there are two facts that we face in these times. The first is that the pulpit was never as free as it is today, and the second is that the pew was never as sympathetic toward a free pulpit as it is today. There are multitudes of preachers who are

unafraid to think and to speak out of a burning conscience for the betterment of mankind. They are God's prophets — men of faith, of spirituality, and of earnestness. And the pew is equally eager to have shared with them the burning conscience of a pulpit that is on fire.

This volume is a sample of sermons from some of the foremost preachers of the world. Not only the names of the preachers arrest attention, but their subjects likewise — "A World Mind," "Christianity's Supreme Rival," "Despair and Faith," "The Recovery of a Lost Enthusiasm," "The Inner Life of a Christian," "The Nursery of Souls," "Prayer from the Inside," "Religion and Hope," and "War and Human Nature," etc. No one of these can be read without the reader wishing that each sermon might expand into a volume. The editor, whom I esteem highly, has succeeded in combining in a single volume a wealth of subjects from a remarkable group of men. He has therefore given to the public a most enchanting volume.

There is no romance like that of the ministry. As one reads these sermons he is reminded of Paul's fine phrase — "the ministry of reconciliation." The preacher's task is to win men to Christ. It is a great privilege to stand in the midst of the discord and strife of the world and not only to proclaim the friendliness of God but to carry pardon and peace into man's troubled heart. It is the greatest transaction done between one soul and another, burnish-

ing hope in the bosom of despair, pouring sympathy into barren hearts, strengthening faith to noble tasks, and leaving the light of grace by the couch of the dying to meet the light of the eternal morning.

The preacher may roam through any field of thought. In no instance can he be forbidden to find his illustrations in the field of industry or science or politics or literature or drama or race or whatnot. All doors are open to him. He may denounce or commend. His voice is a factor in the amelioration of mankind as he combats evil with the genius of living truth and, if need be, "he hurls his life against the pikes" and stands unafraid.

In his transactions with God and in his companionship with his fellows he will make mistakes, sometimes egregious blunders. He contends in the arena with all the temptations that are common to man. The fiercest temptations are in the treachery of his own heart and will. He has his discouragements and sometimes his heart breaks down with his own burdens. All these things drive him into the holy of holies where the reality of the Unseen becomes a permanent factor both in himself and in the Christianity of the world.

These are the days of the Spirit. Long ago A. J. Gordon said, "The true preacher does not simply use the Spirit, but he is used by the Spirit." Still earlier Henry Edward Manning said, "To him in the divine economy has been committed the office of applying the redemption of the Son to the souls of

men by the vocation, justification, and salvation of the elect." It is a marvelous program which God has set up in the world for the redemption of mankind. In its consummation Isaiah said, "He will not fail nor be discouraged."

Nearly two thousand years ago Jesus lived like ourselves in the flesh — ate, slept, was wearied, was burdened, and sought companionship with his fellows. "He was tempted in every respect like ourselves." Great changes have occurred in the world since then. Centuries shrink into days. Reading the sermons in this volume reminds us that these men, like the disciples of old, have been in the companionship of Jesus. They have caught his Spirit and are the interpreters of his thought and life. We are under obligation to Mr. Pound for preparing this volume of messages from these distinguished preachers who are generally recognized among the great living interpreters of Jesus for these times.

PETER AINSLIE

VOICES OF THE AGE

The Way to Unity

by

The Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent,
Bishop of Western New York

"Neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

Galatians 6:15

I am thinking of that completeness of life throughout the world which we Christians have as an ideal and a hope, a purpose and a goal, when will be acclaimed, in truth and in fact, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is above all and through all and in all.

You are familiar with the thought of Christian unity. I wonder, however, if you think of it with the same fiery passion that moved St. Paul. Do you view it as something academic to be worked out by ecclesiastics and scholars and by them alone? If so, you err. Theologians are essentially and of necessity narrow. They are scientists. Their thinking provokes controversy. Up to the present the divisive influence of the theologian has been as great as his unitive influence. One of the most eminent theologians said in my hearing that he could not conceive of his agreeing on any subject with a certain other theologian of the same communion.

Of late an effort has been fostered by your Dean to take out of their intellectual isolation the religious thinkers of different countries. Some time ago German, Swedish, and English theologians met in Canterbury to discuss the Kingdom of God. Later a similar group met in Wartburg, Germany, to consider Christology. An interesting feature of these gatherings is that the conferees openly state that "it is important to remember that these conferences are strictly theological and not part of any immediate policy of ecclesiastical reunion" (*Theology*, vol. xvii. — Oct., 1928 — page 180). Even were we united in theology, that would not by any means imply Christian unity. What does make for unity in these conferences is the life together, the common study of a given subject, the attempt of each to understand the viewpoint of those who differ from him, and the discovery that seemingly opposite viewpoints are supplementary rather than antagonistic to one another. Unity must never be confused with uniformity. Unity has in its pure white light all the colors of the rainbow.

All formal attempts at realizing unity must be humanized by personal contacts. For a unity of communion, of life touching life, ought to precede, or at least supplement, unity of thought. With this in view the Episcopal Church in America at its recent deliberative assembly appointed a commission of theologians, looking toward organic unity, to make an active study, with similar groups of

theologians from the Methodists and Presbyterians, of matters of Christian morality. The exact subject does not bulk large in the proposed conferences. The idea is to get men of diverse views around a common table where they may learn that friends alone may differ and not quarrel. The Methodists were chosen because they were driven out of the Church by its indifference and low spiritual condition in Wesley's day. No corporate effort to express penitence or to rewin them to fellowship has hitherto been made. As for the Presbyterians, their differences and ours center about the transmission of orders and the administration of sacraments. Their theology is not far removed from ours.

Whatever theologians may be able to do, by themselves they are powerless to create unity. Where they leave off, the mass of the rank and file, the great body of the laymen of the Church, comes in. It is striking that in the United Church of Canada, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Congregationalists consummated their union through the people acting in their representative assemblies rather than through their theologians. I apprehend the same is true of the slow, healthy process which has brought the Established and the United Free Churches of Scotland so far along the road to organic unity. Unity is the *people's* problem and can be had only by their active and intelligent labor.

There are three simple duties, all of them ex-

tremely difficult, which the layman must perform as an indispensable contribution to Christian unity. First, recognizing that there are one Lord, one faith, one baptism, he can cultivate that inner spirit which will recognize every Christian of whatever name as a brother beloved in the Lord. Immediately this is done, the barriers between party and party within the Church — between Free Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and members of the Church of England — fall away and unity *is*. As a boy I was brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees. I now, in the closing days of my life, look upon it as one of my chief sins that I failed then to recognize in the members of the Free Churches brothers beloved. I honestly thought that covenant with God was an external and formal thing, purely a matter of theological concept and ecclesiastical order, and that all outside the Church of England, on the right hand and the left, could be saved only by a special act of God's mercy. If we judge the tree by its fruits, the same saintliness grows on the different branches of the Church Universal, and the same potentialities of goodness reside in all.

If we once acknowledge and adore one God and Father of us all, who is above all and through all and in all, we cannot fail to look upon all men as brethren and especially upon those who are of the household of faith.

Secondly: We should endeavor to discover and openly admit the strong features of communions

separate from our own. This is good strategy for battle. General Grant used to look for the strength of the opposing army and not discount it. If this is good strategy for war, it is equally good strategy for peace. It is only in this way that mutual respect between the Churches can be developed. Ought we not to start within the borders of our own communion? I speak as a Catholic. Ours is a Church which is inclusive rather than exclusive. There are represented within its legitimate freedom two main views, both of which have always been characteristic of religious life. There are those who are sacerdotal and sacramental, and there are those to whom the outer form means little, but who approach God by a direct ascent of the soul to Him. Both are equally social in their outlook. Why cannot each supplement, rather than bitterly oppose, the other, as though God blessed both equally and did not bless the one and curse the other?

Thirdly: We should cultivate that breadth of vision which breeds a loyalty that is first of all true to the great Church Catholic and only in the next place to our own communion. This is far from the spirit of indifferentism which professes loyalty to a great ideal in general but is loyal to nothing in particular. It is rather the spirit which, being well rooted in faith in Christ as revealed in our own Christian group, is freed to study and to rejoice in the manifestations of God's Spirit wherever they may be.

I want to carry this conception of unity on to the relations between nation and nation. The same evils as in the Churches separate us and cause war; the same conciliatory processes will unite us. As a boy I looked on every people but those of the land of my birth with unbelievable arrogance. We were the chosen people, God's anointed. Those of the same racial stock but of independent political organization were to be tolerated. The Chinese, Indians, and undeveloped races were but curiosities, to be exploited where necessary for our advantage, and hardly to be dealt with as human beings, certainly not as brothers beloved. Patriotism was loud-shouting, the exaltation of our own national life to the disadvantage and humiliation of our national neighbors.

Times are slowly changing. Men can no longer hold such views with easy mind. International consciousness is gradually rising into an international conscience without abatement of genuine patriotism. We are slowly but inevitably beginning to view mankind as intended by God to be a family. No one can look on war or that which may lead to war with equanimity. Our attention is caught by such words as those of Erasmus: "War has glory only for the inexperienced"; or of Wellington: "War is not compatible with the teaching of Christ"; or of Lee: "I have largely wasted my life. The mistake began in my having a military education." So that the President of the United States in an Armistice Day

address, which has provoked — justly provoked — much controversy, can say:

"The whole essence of war is destruction. It is the negation and antithesis of human progress. No good thing ever came out of war that could not better have been secured by reason and conscience. Every dictate of humanity constantly cries aloud that we do not want any more war. We ought to take every precaution and make every honorable sacrifice, however great, to prevent it."

The Kellogg multilateral treaties, which renounce war as a national policy and pledge the signatories to peaceful settlement of disputes, have had the right of way in the American Senate and have been speedily ratified. Of the Kellogg Pact the Prime Minister of England says in generous words: "I believe the time may come when in the histories of this period there will be no greater act credited to the United States of America than this — that in this year she had the honor of voicing the aspirations and desires of mankind in presenting that pact to the nations for signature. Only let us remember what we have signed. It is so tremendous a thing that few of us realize it, and the result of that signature will be nothing unless the nations, realizing to what they are committed, make up their minds that that signature shall be honored to the end of time" — solemn words to be taken to heart by no nation more than by my own beloved country.

The treaty almost completes a formal arch of

peace — though not quite. The defect is that there is no Supreme Court of the World accepted by all the nations to which we may refer disputes for final settlement. America unfortunately, as I view it, recognizes neither the Covenant of the League nor the Permanent Court of International Justice to which the other nations of the world as a whole would instinctively turn. So the keystone of the arch is missing.

So much for formal efforts of governments and diplomats to woo peace for the world. But the parallel with the theologians is perfect. As the theologians can go only so far without the active coöperation of the multitudes of unofficial Christians, so it is with statesmen in relation to the nation. The ordinary citizen has the major part of the task resting on his shoulders. There can be no breach of the peace in the modern state without the assent of the whole body politic. The citizen, therefore, must adopt and apply the same three principles in his consideration of the relationship of nations that the layman does in his concept of the unity of the Church. It is not merely that he must oppose war — the settlement by force and guile of international disputes; but he must espouse peace and peaceful ways — arbitration, conciliation, and the spirit of brotherhood.

First he must embrace the truth that God had made of one essence all nations of men. It is not too much to expect him to look with intelligent eyes

on the interests of other nations as he looks on his own. He must learn to value man as man and not as American, English, Chinese, or what not. Secondly, he must learn to rejoice in those fine characteristics of other nations which distinguish them and individualize them, just as a man rejoices in the greatness of his friend. This is not to deprecate but to glorify patriotism. Boastfulness whether in an individual or in a nation is a hateful thing. If for example America can rejoice in the transportation of 2,000,000 soldiers to France without loss of life, it adds rather than detracts from our joy if we give credit to the British navy which so safeguarded the seas as to make it possible. If America congratulates herself that her army knew no setback or defeat in the brief time that she was a combatant, she rounds out the truth by paying tribute to those nations that fought America's battles for the three heartrending years before, and so prepared the way for victories readily won. If America emerged from the welter of battle with eye undimmed and resources unabated, which enabled her to become the creditor nation of the world and to aid in the reconstruction of Europe, she adds to her honor by generous recognition of the self-sacrifice of those nations which bled themselves white and emptied their coffers in the common cause. If America waged the war at great cost to herself, incurring a debt of fabulous proportions, she should thank God that the balance of that debt is not incommensurate with

her resources, as the debts of many other nations seem to be. Ought my country to boast that the war brought us no accession of territory when we do not need it, and when extra-continental possessions are already our Achilles' heel? We cannot deny that hitherto when we have needed new territory we have secured it, and when we wanted for our own interest to control a neighbor's territory we controlled it. Nor may we ever forget that we were offered and refused a mandate with all its anxieties and entanglements. It is not generosity but dispassionate honesty that impels me to state these patent truths.

I need not multiply instances. For obvious reasons my illustrations are taken from my home land. It is simply an attempt to pay honor to whom honor is due. Each nation must apply the lesson to itself.

The third fundamental principle to be adopted and applied is the hardest of all — to make our larger loyalty to mankind and our lesser to our nation. For flabby internationalism I have no use. But I do believe that just as the individual lives for the family, the family for the community, the community for the nation, so the nation should live for mankind if it is to achieve its destiny.

When that most tragic of all social misfortunes happens between nations, I mean misunderstanding, then is the opportunity of the citizen. He must recognize that whatever difference there may be, it is a difference among friends, which can be worked out happily only by an honest and single-minded

endeavor to understand. A Chinese proverb says: "Be not disturbed when you are misunderstood. Be disturbed when you misunderstand." It is possible for peace to reign only among men of good will. Nothing breeds good will — of which I would fain be an ambassador — like understanding, especially understanding of the contrary, the self-willed, the erring.

I am not ashamed to bare my soul to you. I glory in the fact that an incomparable vision holds me in its gracious thrall. It is not so much that I possess it as that it possesses me. My vision is of a world in the here and now at peace and unity with itself. There is no change in the diversity which now obtains. That abides; but a unifying and illuminating spirit pervades the whole. There is one Church, binding man to God and man to man in a common life and purpose — "the holy city of Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." "There is no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof." No more is the fact of the Incarnation with its attendant beneficent truths blasted and scorched by controversy. All human powers, set free from friction and doubt, which always dim and sometimes paralyze the soul, pour with full stream into the upward-and-onward-rushing flood of constructive thought and life.

Nation interlocks with nation in a unity of mutual service, and each brings its glory into the common

fund. No longer hampered by war or the fear of war, undreamed-of human capacity and might are loosed and developed for the universal public good.

If this vision seems so distant as to be impossible, yet it is a vision which inspires in a Kingdom composed of far vistas. He who now holds it, with the embrace of faith and hope, in his own soul, already possesses the reality, and hastens the coming of that happy day when the affairs of this world will no longer be conducted by the whim of man, but according to the eternal purpose of God as revealed in Jesus Christ our Lord. Whether in this life, or beyond, it is the only kind of world great enough for man made in the image of God.

Is Religion A Burden?

by

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin,
President, Union Theological Seminary, New York

"Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth; their idols are upon the beasts, and upon the cattle: the things that ye carried about are made a load, a burden to the weary beast. Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, that have been borne by me from their birth, that have been carried from the womb; and even to old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; yea, I will carry, and will deliver." Isaiah 46:1, 3–4 (Am. Rev. Version)

Here is a contrast between gods that men carry and a God who carries men, between religion as a load and religion as a lift. The prophet draws a graphic picture of the clumsy images of the gods of Babylon bobbing and swaying in an absurdly undignified fashion on the backs of straining and sweating beasts, as their frightened devotees try to take them off to a place of safety before the invading Persians. "Things you lug about," he derisively labels the deities of these image-revering Babylonians. And he compares them with the living God of Israel's experience, who had taken the nation in His arms at its birth in Egypt, and had been carrying

it ever since. "Even to old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; yea, I will carry, and will deliver."

There are many men who view religion as a burden. As they look at it, a Christian has to accept certain ideas which it is hard to make one's self believe. The intelligence has to be forced under them, much as an unwilling mule is compelled to stand still and be loaded with its pack. And these doctrines have to be carefully taken care of, or something will destroy the faith, as the terrified Babylonians felt that they must protect their gods from those who were attacking their city.

A Christian must adopt and keep up certain customs, such as daily prayer, churchgoing, Sunday observance, Bible reading; and these customs are felt to be a bore. Life lays upon them inescapable duties; they cannot see why they should cumber themselves with these additional loads. The prayers they were taught in childhood have become useless luggage which they carry along for sentiment's sake: they do not supply reinforcement. Church services are an irksome obligation which they attend from a sheer sense of social duty or to please somebody of whom they are fond: they find no inspiration in them. Stevenson begins a letter, "I've been to church, and I am not depressed." Sunday is a nuisance, about which they feel uncomfortable; they cannot make a gay holiday out of it like so many of their friends, but, as they keep it, it troubles

them with problems as to their children and does not leave them refreshed in spirit. The Bible is heavy reading and, with the prevailing passion for lightening the mind, they usually let the Bible alone: it does not occur to them that daily contact with its pages is invigorating.

Again, a Christian has a troublesome conscience which piles up on him a mass of responsibilities. He must concern himself with the moral tone of the business in which he works or from which he derives an income, of the social life in which he moves, of the public policies of the city and country. He must judge himself by an admittedly unattainable standard, by the Spirit of Jesus Christ, and task himself with every secret thought or personal ambition, with every indulgence or acquiescence in social conventions or expressed opinion, which discords with the mind of the Master. This seems an intolerable burden. The ordinary conscience men think sufficiently encumbering; why should they allow religion to break their backs by heaping on additional obligations.

Our prophet would tell them frankly that a burdensome religion is a false religion; that a god whom they conceive in doctrines which they force themselves to believe and which they struggle to safeguard, with whom they have fellowships in forms they must spur themselves to keep up, and whom they serve in duties their consciences strap on their reluctant backs, is a man-made idol, not the living

and true Lord of heaven and earth. Religion that is a load is not comradeship with the Most High God. Religion which you must take care of is not the faith you need, but religion which takes care of you. The test by which a man may discover whether he is dealing with an idol or with the living God is this: Do you feel yourself carrying your religion, or is it carrying you? Is it a weight or wings?

A Christian's beliefs are not ideas which he compels his intellect to accept, they are convictions — ideas which grip and hold him. They seem to come to him with arms and hands, and grasp his reason; he is aware of being lifted and carried along by them. The Truth takes him off his feet, and he is conscious of resting on it, rather than on ground of his own choosing. He may struggle and attempt to free himself, but soon he is obliged to say: "I can't get away from the thought that . . . It keeps impressing me as most reasonable to believe that . . ." And after he has been carried some years it never occurs to him to break loose from these convictions; he rests in them and is upborne with serene satisfaction.

Take any of the fundamental Christian convictions: a wise and loving God in such control of the universe that we can rely on His care and trust Him to bring to pass His good purposes for ourselves and all men; the unveiling of God in Jesus as a Redeemer able to make over the worst and to ennoble the best and to keep those who entrust

themselves to Him through life and death and forever; the presence of God in His Spirit, beginning here where believing folk commit themselves to bring it to pass in their homes and industries and government, and finding its lasting embodiment in the perfected commonwealth in the city that hath foundations, with home and service for all in the many mansions of the Father's house. These beliefs are not loads imposed upon unwilling minds. They are so inviting that we leap into their arms. Coventry Patmore, at the age of eleven, was reading a book, when, he tells us, "It struck me what an exceedingly fine thing it would be if there really was a God." Our one fear is that our beliefs prove illusory, too good to be true. And almost everyone has periods in which he is uncomfortable because he is questioning them. But they have the ability to reconvince and reconvince. He does not feel that he can altogether understand them; they are above and beyond his grasp, but they hold his mind as reasonable and as making life intelligible and livable. They have so tenacious a grasp on his thought that he cannot get away from them, nor would he. They carry him into ever larger life.

When George Eliot's biography appeared, R. H. Hutton reviewed it in the *London Spectator*, and speaking of her loss of her early Christian faith, he wrote, "To me the remarkable point is that George Eliot felt herself relieved of the burden rather than robbed of a great spiritual mainstay by the change."

There had been something wrong about her religion or she could not have parted with it. The inescapableness of a conviction is an evidence of its truth. We should never try to force ourselves to believe; that leads to nothing better than make-believe religion. We need not be sorry for any faith that is taken from us. Such beliefs are no truer than Bel and Nebo — outworn images of something finer. They are carried away that the living God may grip our minds and carry us.

Or, take the Christian customs of private prayer, public worship, Bible study. If they seem weights to us rather than wings, we may be sure that we are not in touch with the living God through them. Recall what these habits have meant to others. Coleridge justified his practice of praying every night before going to sleep by saying that it gave him

> "A sense o'er all my soul imprest
> That I am weak, yet not unblest,
> Since in me, round me, everywhere
> Eternal Strength and Wisdom are."

Lowell voiced a similar feeling of relaxation when he spoke of the essence of prayer as "that perfect disenthralment which is God." At a medical congress a well-known nerve specialist made the statement: "As an alienist, and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits,

and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." Or, take public worship — Gladstone, with the responsibility of the British Empire on his shoulders, went to church twice every Sunday, and John Morley, who did not share his religious faith, said of him, "He lived from a great depth of being." And as for the habit of turning daily to one's Bible, one might multiply instances. Here is just one: the last entry in the diary of Bishop Hannington, found after his death in Africa, reads: "I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm 30, which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet." Here are believers to whom these Christian usages — prayer, churchgoing, Bible study — are not cumbersome but sustaining.

This is not to say that particular forms which have been uplifting for others may do the same for us. No two of us are alike, and no man can prescribe to his neighbor in these intimate matters. Each has to discover for himself how to achieve and to maintain contact with the mighty God. Ten thousand times ten thousand out of many centuries assure us that these practices of regular prayer, of unfailing church attendance, of daily Bible reading, are the highway which they have walked and found God, or rather are the path they opened down which they found Him coming to meet them and to lift them

and to take them on the right way. We have to learn how to pray so that we are helped by it, how to worship with others, how to get what we personally need out of the experiences of ancient believers treasured up for us in the Bible. We have to be our unique selves, and not imitations of some one else, when on our knees or in a pew or with the open Bible before us. Each must take his own natural and congenial way. If we have given up forms which were weights to us, we have lost nothing. We must find others which are really wings. The test of the actuality of contact with God through them is the lift they give us into higher and larger life. If, as Browning puts it, there is "a stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too" the upraising is not in the mere stoop, but in the lifting God to whom our reverent approach links us.

Or, take the responsibilities with which a Christian conscience saddles a man — the sense of personal accountability for the standards of life about us, of indebtedness to the producers of wealth that makes possible our comfort, of answerableness for our influence over the lives, older and younger, at our side, with a reckoning to be given to God and the community as stewards of all that we control; our feeling that we are responsible to a Master for every day, and must plan our outlays of time, strength, and means, our contacts with men and women, so that He may say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." This conscientiousness is not depressing,

but elevating. To be sure, we feel ourselves under pressure. "I must," we say, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day, for the night cometh." Many of the duties to which this "must" takes us are not those we should have preferred; some of them we would to God we could avoid. But the pressure of a Christian conscience is a driving force. It lifts us out of ourselves, so that we admit our likings or mislikings have nothing to do with the matter in hand. It gets us over obstacles of laziness and diffidence and cowardice: "By my God do I leap over a wall." It gives us a buoyancy under failure and discouragement. We cannot give up. We keep enthusiastic under any amount of cold water, and when others think that we and our idealisms are submerged, we come to the surface and strike out and swim on. To vary the metaphor, the Christian ideal toward which conscience drives us appears like a steep summit, an unscalable Mount Everest which we must climb with the utmost strain and risk; but the Christian who is trying to climb knows that there is a pull in the ideal which draws him, a pull which renders it easier to keep on clambering up than to turn his back and take his way down. The upward pulling power of the Christian ideal, the drawing of Him who is lifted up on the cross, is nothing else than the downward reach and lift of the living God in Christ, like whom we feel we must become.

Unfortunately, there are a great many nominal

Christians, and perhaps a number of ourselves, who never convey the impression of being lifted and borne along by a mighty Power. They are depressed with fears — fears of germs or accident about to overtake themselves or their children, of overstrain about to cripple their nerves, of social upheaval about to overwhelm them in poverty, of some vague disaster waiting around the next corner they must turn. Or they are burdened with problems — the perplexities of their own careers which make their minds stagger, the perplexities of the age we live in with its pressing questions in politics, in theology, in industry, in education, in every phase of human thought — or burdened with their possessions and the standard they must keep up; or burdened with themselves — their inhibitions, their aimlessness, their futility, their frequent boredness. A common phase of our time is this restiveness which leads people to revolt against every requirement which life seems to exact of them, and to throw off responsibilities as intolerable loads — home obligations, the inevitable adjustments of married life, self-restraint for the public good, the surrender of individual preference to the will of the majority. Life in a city with its clamant calls is too tiring, and they flee to the more restful country where needs do not thrust themselves so obtrusively upon them. It is all part of the lack of this sense of being lifted and upborne, which is the essence of a true religious experience. To have first-hand knowledge

with the living God is to be underpropped by Him so that one is willing to shoulder both his own load and the burdens of others, and when one is straining to stand up under the weight to remind one's self "underneath are the everlasting arms."

And life appears to be expressly contrived to make such resting upon another inevitable. Take the tasks with which from time to time most of us are confronted — tasks so difficult that they give us a sinking of heart as we contemplate them. One can turn his back on them and play the coward. One can conjure up excuses for not attempting them, and for passing them on to somebody else. One can force himself to undertake them with misgiving gnawing at his heart and making him unhappy with all manner of worries that he is going to fail. Or one can say, "If this is plainly my duty, the universe is under obligation to back me up and carry me through. 'Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.'"

Take the ventures into the unknown which have to be made, from the ventures of childhood with its first day at school, and the first visit away from home alone, down to the ventures of difficult enterprises to which men and women have to address themselves, and the final venture of that mystery which we call death. One has sincere sympathy with the child who dreads to be alone. We human beings are not meant for solitude. The craving for companionship, and for sustaining companionship, is an ineradicable part of our make-up, as essential an

element in us as hunger or curiosity. And if a kindly Providence furnishes one with companionable parents and later with enriching friends and supremely with a comrade of one's heart who enters fully into all one's experiences, one's whole nature is for fellowship. One acquires a huge appetite for love. A prime purpose of our existence seems to be this education for companionship. But along with this training goes the constant pushing out into ventures where one feels isolated, and at length for all of us is the last venture where each goes by himself alone. And it is in these isolating ventures — in responsibilities one must assume, in decisions one must settle, in ordeals one must undergo, in the dark mystery of human separation — that instinctively we reach out for invisible support, that we let ourselves go, saying: " Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Those who have made such ventures in faith often remark that never until then had they known what religion is. Here they make the unmistakable discovery of the upholding God. " I have made, and I will bear; yea, I will carry, and will deliver."

Or, take the desolating experience in which a dear life which has been interwoven with our own by a thousand ties is wrenched from us, and there is a void about us so oppressive that the emptiness, like the Egyptian darkness, can be felt. One hears resolute people saying: " I don't know how I can go on without ——" A religion which one has to carry is a mockery; here is desperate need for a religion

that carries us. In those touching letters which Charlotte Brontë wrote when one of her sisters, the brilliant Emily, had died, and the other was slowly sinking, there are vivid glimpses of a strong soul finding herself inadequate and flinging herself upon the Eternal.

"We saw Emily torn from the midst of us when our hearts clung to her with intense attachment, and when, loving each other as we did, well, it seemed as if (might we but have been spared to each other) we could have found complete happiness in our mutual society and affection. She was scarcely buried when Anne's health failed, and we were warned that consumption had found another victim in her. I have learned that we are not to find solace in our strength: we must seek it in God's omnipotence. Fortitude is good, but fortitude itself must be shaken under us to teach us how weak we are."

It is in such supreme hours that men test the holding power of God. They do not have to convince themselves; they say with St. Paul, "I am persuaded, [it is a passive verb — somebody has done the persuading] that neither death, nor life, . . . nor height, nor depth, . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

It is because life is to believers an education in the tenacity of God that older folk are usually so much firmer in faith than younger. They have

known the strains and the isolations which have compelled them to employ trust in the Unseen — a muscle many younger men and women do not know they possess. They have watched kindred and comrades go from them, and they have found a continuing God. And responsibilities are apt to accumulate with passing years; men carry the remainders of so many yesterdays, the inherited tasks, the continuations of earlier efforts, and added loads which from time to time are placed upon their shoulders. They must either lean and be upborne or go down under the pressure. And men of Christian faith do not go down. They hold their gray heads up, for they have renewed their strength. "Even to old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you."

The Equation of The New Life

by

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> *"Thou art Simon the son of John: thou shalt be called Cephas (which is by interpretation, Peter)."*
> John 1:42 (Am. Rev. Version)

The meaning of these words will not be plain unless we understand the significance of names as they were used in the time of Jesus. The name of a person was not given on account of an interest which parents might have in this or that interesting word; it stood for the very nature and character of the one who bore it. When his character was transformed his name was changed by virtue of that experience. The familiar example in the Old Testament is Jacob, the supplanter. He was a man of craft and guile. In time and as the result of profound experience his character was changed. This was registered in the change of his name; he now became Israel, the prince of God. The new nature meant a new name.

Thus Jesus looked into the very nature of Simon Johnson, the fisherman. He saw something there that no other friend saw. Beneath this rough ex-

terior and under this bronze skin lay the possibility of another man, a man so different that, when all this potential character should be realized, he must have a new name, Peter, the rock man, the foundation man, the changed man. The equation of this new life for Simon we can now understand and set forth, although to his comrades that day it was doubtless a complete mystery. The equation involved several factors.

There is a Possible Peter in every Simon. The great change in the character of Simon began with that which he was in possibility rather than in his actual condition at the moment. He was, as we all are, the person whom his friends saw, and the person whom Jesus saw. He was the Simon of today and the Peter of tomorrow. He occupied a certain status at the moment and he possessed, unrecognized by himself and unappreciated by his comrades, the germ and potency of another character, transcending his present achievement and to be made real in new experiences. He was the man who was and also the man in the process of becoming.

This is a truth of universal application, the full meaning of which bears directly upon our definition of our own life and our estimation of the worth of our fellow men.

One of the most fertile and constant sources of discouragement in our struggle for character is our frequent failure to attain the standards that we set for ourselves. Ideals march proudly ahead; but

achievement lags shamefully behind. What, then, is the conclusion of this experience? Are we beaten in the endeavor for the highest life? There are low hours when the tide is out; do they represent the last word concerning the quest of the highest? The answer to these questions is found in the truth that every Simon is a potential Peter. Therefore we take counsel of our hopes and not of our fears. We dare believe in the person who is yet to be in spite of his seeming defeat by the person who is today. This is not a mere fancy by which we deceive ourselves in the stress of life. It is no organization of a defense to justify our failures. The study of the spiritual biographies of other men and the survey of our own past show beyond question that the nobler and braver soul finally triumphs. "Why art thou cast down?" Browning says:

> "All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

The same truth imparts the accent of honor and the mood of hope to our estimate of our fellow men. It is a bitter experience to be deceived and wronged by others. The sorry record of human action that is displayed on the front-page report of crime and shame in every daily paper would be enough warrant for pessimism if it were taken alone and at its face value. After some experience in which we have met the weakness and deception of others it is easy

to rush to the immature conclusion that all men are unworthy of trust. At such a bleak hour we need to recognize again the potential values of personality and revalue others as we would also be valued by others in the terms of that higher and better life which is as yet unrealized but toward which every nobler instinct within us prompts us to press bravely forward. Here again we do not hug an idle hope to our dismayed hearts. The human story is too full of the glorious achievement of splendid living out of sordid circumstances and mean beginnings. That which has been may be again. The alley gang is perhaps yielding the future leader of men. Simon becomes Peter and the boy from the Bowery becomes Charles Stelzle.

There are Traces of Old Simon in every Peter. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Achievement always brings with it the subtle and severe temptation to become vainglorious. Pomp and circumstance whisper in the eager ear of the successful man that he is better than his fellows and safer than his pitiable weaker brother. Many an otherwise beautiful and beneficent life has been seriously marred and its worth impaired by this insidious fault. The masters of the devout life in its fullest and manliest expression have been quick to discern the peril of spiritual pride.

This does not mean that we have no right to be happy and even proud in the fact that we gain ground in our struggle from the low to the high and

the good to the better in our spiritual endeavors. There are sources of encouragement and solid satisfaction in the progress that we are making and the victories that we are gaining. This is something quite different from such a sense of superiority to others as issues in pride and boasting.

It is generally in the unguarded moment that this weakness is revealed. We cherish it more often in our unspoken thoughts than in our spoken words. We know that it is not good form or fine taste to be openly vain and proud. This is one of the " secret sins " which are set forth generally only in the light of God's countenance. It is like the action of a malicious spirit, made invisible by a magic cap and cloak, who took delight in sowing discord and doing damage among otherwise happy children, as Fred Eastman has presented it in his book, *Pursuit of the Flying Baby*. The story is written for children; but it is pregnant with truth for grown-ups.

On the inner battlegrounds of the spirit this fight with pride goes on. It is none the less significant and severe because it is within rather than without. The issues that are settled here, however, bear their constant fruit in objective deeds and practical performance. We impute our whole self to every concrete action. No mask can be permanently or successfully worn in our dealings with our fellow men. This is the reason for the insistence upon the purity and power of the dominant tempers and attitudes of what is known as " the interior life." In the demand

for practical programs and definite schemes of action, so prevalent now, we need to come back again and again to the primacy of the inner motivations which really determine the worth of all that we do. Therefore, we must set our faces like flint against such inner foes as spiritual pride and vainglory. We are told that the sense of sin is lost in the modern world. It cannot be lost. Its reality is too grim and dreadful. To reckon with the destructive and truly horrible tendencies to the lower life within us is one of the marks of the strong man. The old parable of the Publican and the Sinner needs to be set alongside those of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. The good deed issues only from the humble and teachable heart.

How Simon Became Peter. The two foregoing principles are but preliminary to the definition of the process by which Simon became Peter. The process can be reduced to a simple equation. It is clearly defined and mathematically exact. This is the equation: Simon + Jesus = Peter.

Simon Johnson, as average man, hardy and crude, enters upon a process of development and discipline in comradeship with Jesus of Nazareth. This, devoid of all psychological or theological interpretations, is the simply human situation that we find in the New Testament. This process goes on for only a short term of years. It is subject to fluctuations of success and failure which must have been a sore test of the patience of Jesus and might have led to

the abandonment of the effort by anyone who did not see, as Jesus saw, the possibilities of this human and lovable and trying comrade. He kept on. At one time he found it necessary to rebuke Simon fiercely; at another Jesus found it possible to set such a stamp of approval upon Peter as has made him paramount among the Apostles in the thought of a large part of the Christian world.

This relationship between Jesus and his friends became conspicuous in the case of Peter; but it was common to the entire group. Under the leadership of their Master the men and women whom Jesus loved became different. The same equation is found to be valid in each case. Jesus was gradually and profoundly incorporated into the purposes and experiences of his friends; and in this process they were changed stage by stage into the nobler and better persons, the patterns and possibilities of which they discovered as they grew into more intimate understanding with Jesus. This was the result of at least three influences:

First was the kindling power of the great example. In living day by day in fellowship with Jesus they saw the kind of life which they themselves wanted to live. This was summed up in the single revealing sentence, "He went about doing good." Thus they were able to define with new clearness and precision the sort of human experience that is supremely desirable. Jesus set them the example of this. There was no conflict between what he taught and the

realization of his teaching in his daily life. Other teachers might announce lofty principles of daily living; but so often they failed to reach the heights to which they pointed the way to others. Jesus never asked his friends to seek ideals which he did not himself attain in his daily life with men. Therefore, when the men and women who composed the group around him yielded to his mastership they were sure that his teachings were possible because they saw him put them into practice. They felt the flame of his example kindle them to purposeful endeavor.

Then followed as a second factor in this creative friendship the obedience which they gladly rendered to his commands. The truth that we never know moral and spiritual truth until we actually receive it as an imperative and shape our life by it does not require argument to establish it. In the words of Robertson of Brighton, "An obedient life is the only efficient organ of knowledge in moral and spiritual matters." The microscope and the telescope are the instruments used effectively in seeking and gaining scientific truth. A reverent and obedient spirit is the instrument by which these higher truths are received and mastered. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." This does not set aside the other powers of personality in the quest for truth; it merely places in the first rank that which is supremely important. Jesus put it clearly in this way: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God, or

whether I speak from myself." His friends saw Jesus consummate his whole life in the endeavor to do the will of God. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." Jesus came to know God by the avenue of an obedient life. His friends could not fail to see this and to discern also that the same technique was binding upon them. In the pursuit of this ideal they underwent a gradual transformation into the character of their Master.

Manifestly, the third factor in the process was the actual fusion of purpose and identification of spirit between Jesus and Peter, which finally issued in such a union between them that their very lives were blended. The essential of all great friendship is this spiritual union of moral purpose and total response to the realities of life. The inner meaning of this relationship is illustrated in the friendship of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, and the exquisite expression of it is to be read in *In Memoriam*. The bereft poet expresses his sense of the union between his friend and himself in many ways. It was a shared life, involving the daily burdens.

> "Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
> When mighty Love would cleave in twain
> The lading of a single pain,
> And part it, giving half to him."

It was more than the division of heavy burdens. It was a spiritual fellowship in which the most subtle and intimate unities of spirit were realized.

"And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?"

The relations between Jesus and his friends in the intimacies of the shared life were beautiful and complete, except as they were disturbed or rendered ineffective by the faults and failures of the friends themselves. Through these the great changes were wrought by means of which the equation of the new life was worked out. Simon becoming Peter is one of the most conspicuous of these; but the principle was valid in all cases.

The Equation Today. Jesus does not live now as he did when he promised Simon the experience which would give him a new name because he had experienced a new life. Therefore the question confronts us: Is the equation of the new life still true? It is. It still may be written. Let us put it thus: Myself today + Christ the Master = the person God wants me to become.

The same two factors obtain here that were apparent in the relations between Jesus and his friends: a present status and a process of development. Both these must come into the reckoning when we evaluate our personality. We occupy a certain place today and we are tending toward a different position tomorrow. To live is to change and grow.

The equation becomes difficult at this point: how

is it possible to unite ourselves in actual mutual relationships with another person when we lack the physical means of this contact on one side?

In seeking the answer to the question it will be illuminating to study the first conspicuous expression of this experience as we have it in the letters of St. Paul. The manifest advantage of the Apostles who had enjoyed fellowship with Jesus during his earthly life was brought forward by them and their followers to the disparagement of the authority and experience of St. Paul. He replied with earnestness of conviction. Jesus had been a man in human relationships with others; but now he was something more. He was still living, although no longer in the flesh. As once he revealed himself in all human fellowship, so now and even more intimately and convincingly he revealed himself, unseen by human eyes but seen by the senses of the spirit. The living Jesus, said St. Paul, has revealed himself "in me." Therefore, he also was an Apostle, possessing stronger credentials even than those who had lived in physical contact with Jesus.

Not only does St. Paul affirm the reality of this experience of constant spiritual union with Christ the Master, but he gives an explanation of it in specific directions for its realization by others. "Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus," he writes to the Philippians. He is not referring here to the intelligent set of ideas which we

generally subsume under the word "mind." The context clearly shows that he means the essential purposes which determined the mission of Jesus and ruled his earthly life. So we sometimes speak of learning the "mind" of a person in reference to a certain matter, meaning not simply his logical conclusions in respect to it, but also his true purpose in regard to it. Under this single word we gather up ideas, motives, attitudes, in one comprehensive summary. This is what St. Paul means by the "mind" of Christ, which all who love and follow him are to possess, and in the possession of which they realize their union with him as Master.

The reality and power of this experience was evident when it was brought to the test of practical achievement. It gave vision and energy for long journeys, the endurance of hardship, the enlistment of life in service for the highest good of others. Men do not go to the ends of the earth, they do not give their very lives for causes and comrades, because of a pretty fancy. Such achievements are grounded in the utter reality of convictions and experiences which are believed in with something more than acceptance of creeds or the opinions of other persons. The men and women who began to believe in and follow the living Christ proved the genuineness of their experience by what they endured for their Master. This has been the continuous witness of the followers of the living Christ down to the present day.

To call the roll of witnesses to the reality and power of the Pauline experience is not possible within the compass of our time. Two examples only may be cited.

No manlier, hardier, more human leader of courageous and beneficent enterprises could be found today than Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of Labrador. He is a satisfactory exponent of all that is highest and best in the ideals of Christian manhood. A little book from his pen bears the title, *What Christ Means to Me*. It contains the brief story of his work among the fishermen as mariner and surgeon and friend of all sorts and conditions of men. Hear him say:

"Christ means to me a living personality today who moves about in this world, and who gives us strength and power as we endure by seeing Him who is invisible only to our fallible and finite human eyes; just as any other good comrade helps one to be brave and to do the right thing. Faith was essential for that conviction fifty years ago. Today, with telephones and radios and X-ray, and our knowledge of matter as only energy, and now with television within our grasp, there is not the slightest difficulty in seeing how reasonable that faith is. 'The body of His glorification' passed through closed doors, so the Apostles said — well, why should I be able to see it any more than I can see an ultra-violet or an ultra-red ray, a molecule, an atom, an electron, or a proton? All those old fellows

claimed was that 'now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'" [1]

This experience of union in purpose and spirit with the living Christ is what sent Grenfell to Labrador. This is what has influenced scores of college and university students to give their vacations to service with him on those rocky coasts. It is impossible to get such energetic living as this out of a sissy view of life.

There is another man who is calling us to follow in a new conception of the world-wide mission of Christ today. The summons rings like bugles in the morning in the pages of *The Christ of the Indian Road* by E. Stanley Jones. Back of this healthy and compelling definition of the Christian enterprise lies an experience which he has described with reserve but with such sincerity as commands profound respect. The time came when his health seemed broken. Nothing lay ahead except to abandon his work in India and return to America to work on a farm in the effort to regain his health. It was a "dark hour of the soul" for him. He was in Lucknow. Then suddenly, in a form that suited his needs, the old experience of the Damascus road came to him. He says:

"A great peace settled into my heart and pervaded me. I knew it was done! Life — abundant Life — had taken possession of me. I went through

[1] From *What Christ Means To Me*, by Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

the days, working all day and far into the night, and came down to bedtime wondering why in the world I should ever go to bed at all, for there was not the slightest trace of tiredness of any kind. I seemed possessed by Life and Peace and Rest — by Christ himself.

"I suppose that this experience can be picked to pieces psychologically and explained. It does not matter. Life is bigger than processes and overflows them. Christ to me had become *Life*.

"Apart from this Touch I question if I would have had the courage to answer the call to work among these leaders of India's thought and life. It was too big and too exacting. But here I saw my resources. And they have not failed."[1]

Now these are not magical experiences, moving in the world of romance and fancy. They may be interpreted in different ways: but they have this factor in common; through contact with a living Personality these men were empowered for action in ways that they had not sought or designed. The old experience of the Apostles and the earliest followers of Jesus is renewed in our modern world, just as it has been in every century since St. Paul affirmed that he could do all things in union with the living Christ who strengthened him. This is the apostolic succession of the Christ who is living and alive for-

[1] From *The Christ of the Indian Road*, by E. Stanley Jones. Copyright, 1925. Used by permission of the Abingdon Press.

evermore and who keeps his promise to live and work in those who yield themselves to him.

Thus day by day, in the midst of the busiest life and under the most forbidding circumstances, the equation of the new life is found to be true. That divine *plus* comes within our reach and when we add it to our resources the world is created anew in the terms of power and peace and joy. If the question be urged, Why does not this experience come to everyone? the reply is that only to those who meet the conditions can the increment of the Presence be expected to flow in. The water may lie above the great dam in terms of millions of units of power; but if the gates are not lifted and the penstocks opened, no dynamos will be driven and no power generated. The equation may be worked out; but each one must achieve the solution for himself. The witnesses are too many to admit of reasonable doubt of the truth; but every achievement of life waits for the actor to will the final event.

Simon remains Simon unless he coöperates with Jesus to achieve the transformation into Peter. Saul remains Saul unless he becomes obedient unto the heavenly vision. Grenfell remains a comfortable and commonplace young doctor unless he follows the Lord who goes on before him to the Labrador. And we abide on the low levels of scant achievement and are smug and content with a meager life unless we, too, hear the morning bugles and go forward with our Lord and Leader. To quote Browning:

"'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like thy face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand."

A World Mind

by

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"Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Philippians 2:5

Probably every man who discovers for himself a higher way of life passes naturally and inevitably through the four stages of life described by Hegel, from the infantile and youthful individual, existing selfishly in and for himself, toward the coördination of a more balanced life in character and service. If he follows him far enough he will find the central principle of existence in Jesus' way of life. He will discover that life is realized in love as the full sharing of life, in love as "creation's final law," in vicarious love as the cosmic principle of sacrifice. He will find that, as Jesus summed up his teaching in the principle "he that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life shall find it," so Hegel summed up his whole vast system of philosophy in the thought that we must "die to live." In other words, that self-realization is found in self-sacrifice.

Our life expands in ever-widening circles of experience; it extends in ever-broadening horizons of vision. Life must lose itself in love: we must share our selfish and exclusive possessions by "falling in love" with others until we embrace all humanity in our sympathy and affection and exclude none from the brotherhood of a world mind and a world heart.

Love is a vast, primal force, the very heart of life itself. It begins in the child, normally and naturally, as self-love. The awakening infant next falls in love with its own mother who first fills its little world, and later with the father and other members of the family. As its interests widen, the child comes to care for a larger circle of relatives, playmates, and school fellows. At one stage the child will care more for members of its own sex. With the awakening miracle of adolescence the youth takes interest in the opposite sex. At last, the one who is pictured as the ideal mate is found. Romantic affection may now deepen in marriage into a more seasoned and complete love for the life-companion and for children in the normal home. But the individual is ever driven under the urge of love toward completeness, fulfillment, and lasting satisfaction, toward a world mind and vision.

The driving urge here is an ever-growing love. The menace and danger is the "fixation" of arrested development that may hold the individual on a lower plane of self-love or anything short of nature's goal of social fulfillment. For love ever to

grow, to deepen and widen, normally and happily to develop, is one of the problems of life. For all of us must pass through some such widening experience, and such an enlarging life is the inevitable result of vital, dynamic, and growing religious experience.

We may conceive of religion as the effort to find the source, the meaning, and the object of life, and vitally to relate our lives to them. It seeks not to drift blindly, but to see life steadily and to *make* it whole. Instead of writing in the abstract, may I, at the risk of being misunderstood, turn to a simple narrative of personal experience of what religion has meant to me? As I look back over the last forty years I think I can trace certain successive steps in the discovery of new truth. Life has seemed to expand in widening circles of experience.

More than forty years ago, during early adolescence, religion came to me as a simple *personal* experience. I entered upon a personal, possessive "salvation" of my own soul. Quite unconsciously it was a selfish experience that ignored a whole world of human need.

Some thirty-five years ago there came a widening of horizons. The truth now dawned upon me as a missionary gospel, a *universal* experience, that was to be shared with all men, especially in the needier and backward nations. With ten thousand of the youth of the last generation, in a crusade whose motto was "the evangelization of the world in this

generation," I set my face toward foreign fields, to spend the next fifteen years in India.

With the war, religion began to dawn on me as a *social* experience. I seemed to see war as only a symptom of the striving world beneath. I saw the world rent and divided in industrial, racial, and international strife — a world of sordid materialism, autocratic exploitation, and organized militarism, ever preparing for further war. Had I a philosophy of life or a message equal to this world's need? In seeking a solution I turned back to study Jesus' way of life, in the simple love of God and one's neighbor, recognizing the infinite worth of every human person, the brotherhood of all, united in one great law of love and consummated in a new social order. Here was a worthy ideal, if there was an adequate dynamic, individually to live and socially to achieve it. Now there broke upon me the first gleams of a social gospel that sought not only to save individuals for the future, but here and now in this world of bitter need, to Christianize the whole of life and all its relationships — industrial, social, sexual, racial, international.

As part of the terrible discipline of life that comes through evil as well as through good, I felt the war driving me on toward a world mind. Perhaps the chief effect of the war upon myself may be summed up in the single word — liberation. It destroyed evils and left me free. Like a vast mine, long prepared, that blew up obstructions and impregnable positions, it

rent forever the ordered strata both of my static and comfortable little mind and of my conception of the social order. It left exposed mental craters and geological " faults " which can never again be conventionally leveled or smoothed over. It exploded forever any possible closed system of the past and left me to the hazardous adventure of a dynamic, progressive, and incalculable future. It liberated me not only from the *status quo* of the old social order but also from the old theological order of static orthodoxy. Henceforth I was a candidate for Truth. Chiefly at four points, I think, I can trace its results of liberation in acquiring the conditions of a world mind.

1. *Liberation from the whole War System.* Of course no thinking man wants war for its own sake, just as the best men from Washington to Lee had not wanted slavery. But, like them, we were caught in a vicious circle as part of a vicious system. All unconsciously our manner of life was based upon the principle of " an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth "; suspicion for suspicion, preparedness for preparedness, and force for force. We were swept on as unwillingly as we were inevitably to reprisal for reprisal, atrocity for atrocity, yet more deadly gas for poison gas, hunger blockade for submarines, until we were part and parcel of the boundless destruction of war. We woke to find that, however logical we may have been, somehow we had missed the road and had been carried far from Jesus' way

in which we had professed to believe. Indeed, we had been carried to its abrogation, its contradiction, its denial. Something was wrong either with our way or with Jesus' way.

The results did not seem to justify our way. We had become part of, and loyally upheld, a system which had been, as it always is in the last resort, forced to employ ruthless military necessity under an irresponsible national sovereignty where might is held to make right. We had been driven to a vast system of organized propaganda. For we could not induce or coerce the followers of the Prince of Peace to go out and leave twenty-six millions dead, of combatants and noncombatants, without organized mass lying. We simply could not tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and yet conduct a successful war.

We had taken part in a vast destruction of human life that had left a world impoverished and embittered, that had not ended war but had only sown the seeds of preparedness for fresh conflicts. We had witnessed the destruction of moral standards; we had found the method of war futile, suicidal, and unchristian.

My mind came at last to rest in stable equilibrium regarding the question of war. I came to believe in all necessary use of force under judicial sanction, in an adequate police force, municipal and national. But the war liberated me from the war system. I came slowly to the conclusion that I personally

could take no destructive part in any future war. For war now seemed to me to be an anachronistic and unnecessary means of attempting to settle international disputes through the organized destruction of life and property. It seems to me to be unchristian and morally wrong, the utter negation of Jesus' way of life and of the ultimate nature of God Himself, as love. I will strive with an increasing number to lead the church to excommunicate it, that the state may finally outlaw it and make it as illegal as slavery or private murder. In public policy I seek progressive proportional disarmament, as nations thus agree to outlaw war.

In a word, the war made me first of all a pacifist. But there were other and larger consequences.

2. *Liberation from the Old Economic Order.* I could not divorce the war system, as result, from the present economic order, as cause. I could not merely refuse to fight when war came and yet take unprotesting part in an economic order which, constituted as it is at present, is almost inevitably driving us toward further wars. I saw that unlimited, unrestricted capitalism led logically to imperialism. I saw why we had intervened by force at least thirty times during the last thirty years in Latin America. I realized, too, why we are carrying on a long drawn-out war with little Nicaragua without the constitutional action of the Senate.

I saw that Jesus' way of life was inevitably radical in going down to the very roots of things. It placed

me at variance with the present system of capitalism and competition, which gave the ownership of the means of production to a very small, dominant, possessing class. By owning the factory, together with the natural resources, the raw materials, credit, the land, and often the homes of the workers and their tools, the possessing class has almost as effective control over the workers' means of livelihood as in the days of slavery and serfdom, without any of the responsibility that went with the care of the slave or serf. While "employee ownership" gave good publicity, I found that, according to the Federal Trade Commission, all employees in America combined own but one and a half per cent of the common and less than two per cent of the preferred stock. I found the possessing class so small that less than a third of one per cent of the population annually pay over ninety-five per cent of the individual income tax. "A fraction of one per cent make the greater part of the profits, and that does not indicate a healthy prosperity for the nation. Nor does the fact that 82 per cent do not make enough to pay income tax mean national prosperity." I saw side by side vast wealth unshared and poverty unrelieved. Under an extreme individualism favorable to them, I found a small holding class almost wholly irresponsible toward the majority, save as a few were moved to "charity," or personal generosity, or "welfare work." Thus periodically were left great masses bitterly helpless in unemployment, for whom no

one acknowledges responsibility. In Germany I found from eighteen to twenty-three million workers insured against sickness, disability, and accident, and some millions against unemployment, while in rich America the workers are left for the most part to shift for themselves. It is not much advertised before a presidential campaign, but who is responsible for the four millions who are at this hour said to be unemployed?

And who is responsible for housing? I saw Vienna — almost the poorest city in the world after the war — now abolishing its slums and building an abundance of homes for the poor, renting for two dollars a month, with a yearly balance in the city budget. In contrast, some of the American cities — the richest in the world — refuse to abolish their slums or protect them against heartless profiteering.

I saw another result of our present capitalism in child labor, when, according to the conservative Secretary of Labor in Mr. Coolidge's cabinet, "approximately a million and a half American boys and girls of school age are today thrown beneath the wheels of the juggernaut of industry." I saw further result of this selfish economic order in the frequent beating down of labor below a living wage and the denial to them of the elemental right of collective bargaining, so completely realized in industrially more advanced countries like Great Britain and Germany.

Recently in central Pennsylvania, in a capital-

istic, court-ruled community where the "interests" and their paid deputy sheriffs dominate almost the whole life of the striking miners, the capitalistic court has forbidden the miners even to sing hymns on the hill outside their church, from marching, from advertising in the newspapers, and, as the investigating Senators said, "prevent nearly everything . . . it would be contempt if they said anything." The company sheriffs stand guard in a watch-tower just outside the miners' church door. It was the war which sent me to Herrin and to West Virginia. In the latter I found practically the whole of life under a feudal control almost as complete as in Czarist Russia, and far more ubiquitous than in Hapsburg Austria or Hohenzollern Prussia before the war.

The war opened my eyes to see political corruption as another inevitable accompaniment and by-product of the whole economic system run for the interests of the few, instead of the welfare of the many. I have just come from the midst of the corruption of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois. That such corruption can be abolished is proved by the transformation of a city like Cincinnati under its present charter form of government. In Chicago, as reported in the *Forum,* one finds in six years 1,795 murders, and only 24 men, or one criminal in 74, brought to the extreme penalty of the law. Professor Frederic M. Thrasher, in *The Gang,* describes more than thirteen hundred of these groups, including

bootleggers, beer-runners, and bombing, machine-gun, and killing gangs, which he found in Chicago. Meanwhile, five hundred ministers of Chicago point out that " conditions have reached a state where the ballot box is wantonly violated; where life and property are not safe; where the homes of citizens are menaced by bombs; where crime, graft, and corruption are increasing; and where there is a partnership between criminals and some officials."

And what of it? Before the war I was a helpless spectator, a part of the whole system. Now I must repudiate it, test its evils by the principle of love, and seek to challenge them as Jesus challenged the money changers in the temple.

Once I was silent concerning these evils. Now I never can be again. The war, like a lurid lightning flash, showed the eternal cleavage of the Cross. Once I was sorry for the poor, the fear-haunted unemployed, the striking miners. Now their blood is in my veins, their cause is mine. While they were in poverty I could not keep my comfortable home. Their need called me to live the simple life of sharing. So far as in me lay I must bear my part in poverty, in unemployment, in the needless sufferings of an unjust system which lavished its luxuries upon the few, paid high wages to its skilled workmen, and left the rest, outside the small, respectable circle of its paternalistic " charity," to sink or swim, to work or starve, to live or die as best they could.

But this was not enough. I could not clear my

conscience by the simple life, which few at best would follow. I must challenge the system and repudiate its wrongs. I must not only advocate collective bargaining in general, and the cause of striking labor when it was just, but I must further all efforts for legislation, for organization, for agitation, for education, for reform, in the hope that by patient, constructive, constitutional means we might yet solve these problems of human justice in this country. However, much as I deplore it, I am not blind to the fact that strong fascist elements in this country may defeat all efforts at peaceful solution and leave no alternative to the masses save to submit to a capitalistic dictatorship, as in Italy today, or precipitate violent revolution.

After the war I saw the churches clearing their conscience by passing pious resolutions against war in general, but for the most part they were silent on the evils of the whole economic order that lay beneath it, like a slumbering volcano. But the war had thrown me violently over against the old economic order of which I must now say, " Stand them on that side, for on this am I."

3. *Liberation from the Old Order of Asceticism.* As the war liberated me from fixed tradition, it left me free to advance into new truth in every field. For illustration, the war had forced me to come to terms with the social implications of Christianity, in international, economic, and racial relations. Now I was compelled to face also the relations of men and

women in a restudy of the unsolved sex problems of our day. But of all the postwar problems of social justice, I found none so delicate and difficult, none striking so deeply into the heart of human happiness and misery, none so steeped in ignorance and blindness, none so loaded with the emotional dynamite of prejudice, as this problem of sex.

I found our prejudices in this field supported by the most ancient authority and reinforced by patterns that seemed built into our nervous systems. Yet here, where we have most need of sympathetic understanding and of mutual help, we have it least. Indeed, there seems to be hovering over this whole subject a taboo of silence, of ignorance, and of misinformation. So serious is the situation that it is perhaps not too much to say that more men and women, more in the ranks of youth and of age, are suffering in this sphere than from all economic causes combined.

On investigation I found one-third of our population over fifteen years of age unmarried, and marriage long postponed during the years of greatest sex tension. Of the two-thirds who are married I found many mismated or unhappily married. The number of divorces granted annually in the United States now exceeds 180,000, a number in excess of any other modern nation, not excepting Russia. Of every 6.6 marriages one now ends in the divorce court. Our country seems to be in a transitional period vainly combining in unstable equilibrium an

ascetic, repressive puritanism, with a frank paganism which repudiates these puritan standards. Youth is often in revolt against the old standards and is frankly experimenting.

At this critical time our country is burdened with almost unbelievably obsolete legislation. To masses of the poor who need it most we forbid all scientific knowledge of family limitation. We allow idiots and the feeble-minded to produce their prolific offspring, while the best strains are not reproducing themselves. Our state legislation upon these matters is a chaos of self-contradiction. Our moral codes are in almost as great confusion as our state legislation concerning sex relations. It is little realized what widespread contradiction, unreality, hypocrisy, and misery are covered by our present system.

Sex education has been almost criminally neglected in the home, the school, before and after marriage. The world's population is doubling every sixty years. It is increasing by twelve millions every year and thus requires thirty million more acres of land brought under cultivation annually to feed this alarming increase. We have in the United States over half a million in our institutions for defectives and criminals; there are half a million feeble-minded, and a million and a half defectives outside of our institutions. According to Professor East, nearly a quarter of our population is rather feeble-minded, though less than half of these could technically be classed as morons. To millions of poor

workingwomen we deny the most necessary and elemental knowledge of birth control.

Altogether, the situation seems to me to be so serious that I have been forced, as in the case of the war problem and the industrial problem, to study in this field also. I desire to take my stand against a pagan promiscuity of sensual sex-gratification, but also against a pharisaic, ascetic puritanism of unnatural repression. As truly as the war led me to fight for the outlawry of war, for economic justice, for labor's right of collective bargaining, so now it has led me with equal conviction to advocate the repeal of obsolete legislation, so unjust to women, and the dissemination of sane and scientific knowledge of birth control for the medical profession, for married people, and especially for millions of poor workingwomen who need it most, which information is so freely circulated in other enlightened countries like Great Britain and Holland.

4. *Liberation from the prejudices that separate "home" and "foreign" from one World Brotherhood.* We are in the midst of one of the vast transitional epochs of history, as great as, and perhaps far greater than, the Renaissance, the Reformation, or the French Revolution. We have not only to proclaim a message to foreign nations; we have to build a whole new social order founded upon social justice. We have to humanize, to Christianize, to permeate with the principles of Jesus' way of life all social re-

lations and institutions. We have not only to save a few elect souls in our slums at home or in our foreign missions; we have to abolish those disgraceful slums for which we are criminally responsible and share in all things with all men as brothers of whatever nation, or race, or color, or creed, our wealth, our education, our privilege, and our opportunity, as well as our full spiritual heritage. The ethical ideals of Christianity must be applied to all aspects of human life so as to develop a civilization of brotherly sons of God, not simply to save individuals.

Can we in common honesty maintain the claim of a "superior" race? If we still lead the world in our record of lynching, in race and color prejudice; if to the white and especially our Anglo-Saxon nations is laid the charge of an imperialism that has conquered or exploited over half of Asia and all but one-thirtieth of Africa, does our "superiority" in part consist in the pride of militarism and of brute force? Our "meek" white race, that was to inherit the earth, out of fifty-three million square miles of the habitable globe already holds forty-seven million, or nearly eight-ninths of the globe, and that of the best; while we have left one-thirteenth of the globe to the prolific yellow race, and one-thirtieth of the continent of Africa to be governed by the Africans. Today in many cities in the Transvaal the Negro is not legally allowed to buy land or to walk upon the sidewalks in his own continent, but is

herded with the cattle in the street, while in America we deny him the vote in many states and segregate him in our cities.

Let us remember that missions are not the lone responsibility of the few who go abroad. If that enterprise is isolated and separated from the common life, it is doomed. We must humanize and Christianize our entire intercourse with other nations. It is not only the missionary, but the foreign representative of commerce and of government, that must be Christian or betray his trust if he is the representative of mammonistic greed, or of exploiting imperialism, or of personal immorality. When we went abroad a generation ago, we asked you to support us as we went out on the foreign "firing line." But while we were abroad that firing line has been extended across our entire national life. We went out to represent the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but while we were away we were betrayed by the denial of those doctrines at home. While we were preaching the love of God in Japan, Americans at home were humiliating the Japanese on the Pacific coast and passing our exclusion and discriminatory immigration acts.

When I went to India, the records of our lynchings, our race prejudice, our unjust treatment of the Negro, our child labor, our slums, and our social wrongs were not widely known abroad. Now throughout the Orient they are thrown in our faces.

On my last journey across Asia I found not only the account of an atrocious American lynching in the press of China and the Christian papers of India, but even a photograph of the horror in the dailies in Japan. When we learn that, in some sections, the majority who compose the lynching mobs are church members in good standing who have defrauded the Negro of his fair share of the taxes for education, and who are in part responsible for the ignorance and poverty which produce the crime, is it any wonder that this has a crippling effect upon our mission work throughout the world?

Could we not, with an audacity equal to the older generation that dared to attempt the evangelization of the world, have the courage and faith to dare, as members of a common family, to build a new social order the world round — not merely to evangelize, but in time to Christianize the whole of life in all its relations, whether economic, racial, or international? Is there a modern philosophy of life, a new apologetic upon which we may found, not a declining project of a bygone age, but a real sharing of life in the adventure of a world-wide fellowship which shall find unassailable ground for the building of the new social order in all lands?

Upon rational grounds, does not the basic conception of the unity of the human race and the principle of love as in the full sharing of life imply the mutual privilege and obligation of the giving and receiving of whatever makes for the good life for all?

In other departments of life we not only permit sharing, we demand it. Science is shared. Truth knows no national boundaries. Every four months, on an average, a new scientific discovery is shared with scientists in all nations. We have sent our worst abroad for profit and sometimes for exploitation — our liquor, our firearms, our questionable films — why should we withhold our best? If the world is not too big for exploration, conquest, and exploitation, it cannot be too big for the mutual sharing of missions.

We have the knowledge and the experience of Jesus Christ. He lays upon us no bondage of rule or ritual. Rather he translates law into love and legal bondage into liberty. Jesus' method of approach to the problem of God and of man is grounded, in respect for personality, in ethical love. He cuts away a labyrinthine forest of nonessentials and gathers, centers, and simplifies religion for all time in the single universal essential of righteous love. After historical criticism has exhausted itself, are we not left with a vital core of reality, a central certainty of experience, which is a unique and priceless heritage that we must offer to share with all men, leaving them free to interpret and apply it for themselves?

> "O Christians, had you but the will, the power
> Is yours this day to mold the world anew."

The terrific responsibility of America implies the necessity of sharing, if she is to save herself from

sordid materialism. Possessing some $400,000,000,000, or one-third of all the wealth of the world, and nearly half its gold supply, having passed through the war from a debtor to a creditor nation, with the world owing us some $25,000,000,000 in foreign debts and investments, so that they must pay us a million dollars a day on our debts and a billion dollars a year on our investments, the responsibility of this country is as great as its wealth and power. Our annual income of nearly $90,000,000,000 is greater than the entire wealth of any other nation in the world. Are we to become sordid with materialism or are we to save ourselves and others as we share with the world?

The sheer need of the world today — physical, moral, mental, and spiritual — can only be met by the sharing implied in Christian missions. We are here speaking not of imposing doctrines, which no man has a right to do, but of the sharing of life, which no man has a right to monopolize. We go not to destroy, but to help fulfill all the aspirations of the human heart. In the continents of Asia and Africa half the human race cannot yet read or write in any language. In Africa and on the mainland of Asia as a whole, excluding Japan, nine-tenths of the children are not in school. Economically, half of the human race is poor. Over half of the people are still beyond the reach of modern medical science. Over half of the human race has never yet had Jesus' way of life clearly presented to them. Anyone who is

discerning is conscious of the world's deep spiritual hunger. The world desperately needs an increase of its spiritual goods. Unless this need is met our tremendous mechanical civilization cannot be controlled.

Can we not agree that we should go in the spirit of love for the mutual interchange of our best in fellowship? The method should be the sharing of experience and conviction in a joint inquiry with fellow seekers after truth. We should go in a spirit that is teachable, ready to be taught that which they have to teach and that we need to learn. We should welcome every value in the religion and culture of the people to whom we go. We go not to destroy a single value that is there, but by sharing to fulfill. We should go eagerly welcoming and immediately seeking to develop the indigenous leadership of the nationals of each land. We go, seeking not to be leaders, but humbly to help to develop them.

We go humbly to present Jesus and his way of life as the heart of our message, not a cast-iron theological system, not denominational sectarianism, not competitive proselytism. Jesus' way of life offers a pure, unselfish ministry of service to all men. It seeks to lift human personality into its rightful precedence, to oppose sweated labor, race prejudice, war, and ruthless exploitation wherever they are found in every land. We go not only to perform this humanitarian work but frankly to gather groups

to share a new religious experience and to found churches which will, under their own leadership, extend this way of life and share this releasing experience among their own people.

Going, then, in a spirit of love, we should carry a message that is fearless, positive, and constructive. The message that is needed today is rational, social, personal, and vital. It must be rational, purged from all archaic or medieval superstition. It must pertain to the twentieth century, in which we are living. It must be social and able to grapple with the evils under which the exploited masses now are living. But much more it must be personal and vital. We must not lose the redemptive, the religious, the spiritual note. It should be a message from a life ringing and radiant with triumph. Here and now we face the world — one undivided world of toiling, suffering, and often exploited men. At home or abroad, near or far, in business or in missions, who will give his life, his all, not counting the cost, foregoing private gain? Who will cast in his life to live or die in building the new social order of the Kingdom of Love, the commonwealth of all men of good will?

A world mind must face all these problems. It must be hospitable to new truth. It must sympathetically include all men of all nations and races. It will admit no exclusive barriers of prejudice. Nothing human can be foreign to us, for love knows

no boundaries. In Christ the world mind will see all mankind as one. "There is no room for Jew or Greek, there is no room for bond or free, there is no room for male and female; we are all one in Christ Jesus."

Christianity's Supreme Rival

by

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". . . And teach customs, which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans."
Acts 16:21

Others are considering, because others must consider, the vital interests that are involved for them in the problem of nationalism and internationalism. That politics, for example, is concerned is clear. To be sure, our two great parties now are backing and filling because they are afraid that the issues involved in internationalism may spoil some local and temporary success, but, as with slavery so with this problem, politicians, hem and haw as they will, must some day face it and find it the rock of their standing or their falling.

That business has a tremendous stake in this matter is plain. To be sure, some businesses have customarily made large profits out of war, but this does not represent the general consequence of war on the economic situation. War is commercially disruptive. Indeed, one of the most hopeful signs of peace is the growing consciousness that not simply

our ideals but our economic interests are against conflict.

While, however, books, newspapers, and magazines continually discuss the stakes which business and politics have in this matter, our concern is with Christianity. So entangled are Christianity and internationalism in their interests that if we in our churches try to content ourselves with the intimate and comfortable aspects of personal religion we are living in a fool's paradise, as though one fitted out a little room and made it very lovely in a large, unstable building that at any moment might come crashing down, room and all, about our ears.

I

This concern of the Christian gospel with nationalism is not new. If you would see an ancient exhibition of it, turn to the sixteenth chapter of the Book of the Acts. Paul has been preaching in Macedonia. He has just crossed over from Asia Minor into Europe — one of the great events in the world's history because then, for the first time, Christianity invaded the Western World. And there, at the beginning, the gospel was met, as it has been met ever since, by the challenge of nationalism. "These men," said Paul's enemies in Philippi, "being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and set forth customs which are not lawful for us to receive, or to observe, being Romans." Quite so — being Romans! This attack on Christianity, you see, was not

launched from the citadel of an opposing religion but from the citadel of an opposing nationalism. These ancient patriots instinctively felt that, if they were to be Romans in the accepted meaning of that term, they would have to withstand Christianity.

Let us take it for granted that at one point we do not need at length to guard ourselves against misunderstanding. In one sense we are all loyal nationalists, as we are all loyal members of our families. It may be that God can look with absolutely equal eyes on all our homes and nations alike, but we cannot, and it would be disastrous if we tried. Each man primarily belongs to his own family; there are the centers of his affection and there the tendrils of his devotion are entwined. Moreover, this unique allegiance to one's own family, when it is rightly used, is beautiful in its results. Because I have loved my own mother supremely I understand better the meaning of everybody else's mother and know, as I could not otherwise have known, the significance of motherhood around the world. Because I adore my own children as I never could adore anybody else's children I feel, as otherwise I never could have felt, the meaning of parenthood and childhood everywhere. That is what a home is for. It is a hothouse where in a certain isolation of sheltered loyalties beautiful things are grown — affections, sympathies, insights, devotions — which afterwards can be transplanted and applied to the common good of humankind.

Such is the deep meaning of a fine nationalism. No other nation can mean to us what our nation means. Here are the roots of our heritage, and here our central loyalties belong. But, just because we feel so deeply about our own land, we understand how other people feel about their lands, and, using our patriotism to interpret theirs, we grow, not in bitterness but in understanding and sympathy. So all fine internationalism must be rooted back in the noble significance of nationalism.

Let us take it for granted, then, that nationalism has two meanings, one good and one evil, and that we are not forgetting the fine uses of it when we employ the word in an untoward sense. For, whatever words we use, we must somehow get at the modern counterparts of those patriots of Philippi who could not stand Christianity, being Romans.

The gist of the matter lies in the fact that the dogma of nationalism, as it has developed in the last two centuries, has become a competing religion. I think it the most dangerous rival of Christian principles on earth. The crucial conflict today is not primarily Christianity *versus* Buddhism or Christianity *versus* Mohammedanism, but Christianity *versus* nationalism, and until one has clearly envisaged that fact one does not understand the crux of our situation.

Here are the three major items in the nationalistic creed:

First, that each nation is a sovereign unit ac-

knowledging no control save its own independent will. If its interests demand war it may make war, for it is free of all governance beyond itself, being by nature a sovereign unit competing with and, when necessary, fighting with other sovereign units for supremacy.

Second, that within its own borders each sovereign unit may exercise an almost absolute authority over the lives of its citizens. We must be ready on call to sacrifice to the nation our lives, our fortunes, our sons and daughters, even our consciences. Especially in war time the nation can conscript a man's food, a man's business, a man's money, a man's life, a man's family, and a man's opinion. If a pacifist find his conscience in conflict with his nationalism, he may be compelled to give up his conscience or else go to prison.

Third, that each nation, in some point congenial with its pride, is supreme. This doctrine, highly colored with emotion, is necessary to support the tremendous claim of the modern dogma of nationalism over the lives and consciences of its citizens. Cecil Rhodes said that he thought the British "the greatest people the world has ever seen." Voltaire prophesied, "Some day, to be approved of others, it shall suffice for one to say: This was the taste of the French; it is thus that this illustrious nation thought." Wrote Professor Lasson of Berlin, "We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers. It is the same with our organizations and

with our institutions." Said a great American diplomat, my personal friend, "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think He ever will or can." That is nationalism: each nation a sovereign unit; each unit claiming almost absolute power over the lives and consciences of its citizens, and each nation on some point congenial to its pride thinking that it is the best.

Were there time, one might trace the history of this dogma, unravel the strands that, woven together, have produced it. In its present form it is a modern phenomenon, developing from the eighteenth century on, but that it is now dominant in the world is clear. Our children's children, looking back upon our time, will know it as the era of nationalism, as we look back and call another age the era of feudalism, and they will see, whether we see it or not, that Christianity's most crucial fight was with the sinister significances of this dogma.

II

Consider, then, the sharp conflict between the principles of Jesus and this perverted dogma of nationalism.

In the first place, it makes any genuine monotheism impossible. Some people still think that monotheism is primarily an intellectual *tour de force* and they marvel at the flight of imagination and thought which enabled the great Isaiah, centuries

before Christ, to think of this vast and varied universe as created by one Power and controlled by one Purpose. The fact is that the doctrine of monotheism developed not so much in spite of an opposing theology as of an opposing nationalism. Those primitive peoples believed in tribal gods because they wanted to, because they hated their enemies and did not wish them to have the same god, because they craved freedom to slaughter their foes untroubled by any haunting and to them blasphemous idea that their god cared for their enemies. One of the first great internationalist utterances in the world's history is in the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet hears God saying, "Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance." It is as if, during the great war, some one had imagined God saying, "Blessed be Germany my people, and Austria the work of my hands, and America mine inheritance." Thus the great prophets of Israel, amid international hatreds that exalted many gods, wrought out the high doctrine of monotheism to displace tribal deities.

One does not need to say at length to you who lived through the last conflict that, when nationalism works its inevitable consequence in war, we suffer even today a theological reversion to the primitive type. For war still rips God into tribal gods and sets us praying, each before his own deity, for the blood of his enemies.

Mark Twain was a humorist who often, in his

humor, said more serious things than the most solemn preacher says. Once he wrote a prayer for war time:

> "O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through the wastes of their desolated land . . . for our sakes, who adore Thee Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of one who is the Spirit of Love and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek his aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory now and ever, Amen."

You see, humorists have a special license to tell the truth — like old court jesters who could take liberties with their lords that no one else dared — and Mark Twain did tell the truth. When as na-

tionalists we pray in war time, beneath our pious phrases, that is what we are praying for. And as Mark Twain saw rightly, that is not monotheism but a return to tribal gods.

I am not speaking about this matter as though I were an economist — I am not an economist; or as though I were a politician — I am no politician; but as a man of religion. For religion is involved in war. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth — we cannot really believe that and believe in the tribal gods of war time.

III

In the second place, this dogma of nationalism not only spoils monotheism but enslaves the Christian conscience. The son of a friend of mine said to his father, "Dad, what is conscience?" and my friend answered, "Son, I don't know, but when that telephone bell rings, you take down the receiver!" If it means anything serious at all to be a Christian, it means *that*. What God and our consciences say to us we must do. There is the supreme allegiance of a religious man. As of old, we must obey God rather than men.

But this runs into direct collision with the new dogma of nationalism. Listen to this announcement of an early nationalist: "The state, it seems to me, is not at all made for religion, but religion is made for the state. . . . The state has supremacy in everything. . . . When the state has pronounced, the

church has nothing further to say." That is, all our religious loyalties are to be subservient to the nation and in a pinch we Christians must think what the nation thinks, do what the nation says, believe what the nation believes. No infallible church in all history ever tried to impose upon its devotees a more absolute obedience than this dogma of nationalism would impose upon the citizens. If you suppose that this process is not afoot here in America you only have to pick up one of the nation's most popular magazines and read at the top of its editorial column, "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." Right and wrong, God and conscience are to be bent to nationalism. "The king can do no wrong," said the monarchists, and we transfer that idea to the republic.

It is strange how history repeats itself. Why did the Romans persecute the early Christians? Was it because of intolerance toward their religion? Not in the least! The Roman empire had no interest in persecuting anybody on account of his religion, and the United States today is hardly more free for all sorts of religious faiths and practices than the Roman empire was then. There is one central reason why the Roman empire persecuted Christians. They would not worship Cæsar. They would not acknowledge the supreme authority of the state. They put Christ first, and because they would not even scatter incense on the burning altar before Cæsar's

statue as an outward symbol acknowledging his supremacy they went to the lions.

Our American forefathers in the early days of democracy would have agreed with those first Christians. They had just broken the shackles of absolute monarchy and they had not the slightest intention of putting in its place any kind of absolute state whatsoever. They would have fought this developing dogma of nationalism as they would have fought Satan himself. Even in time of war they held to the primacy of their individual consciences. Abraham Lincoln in the House of Representatives lifted his voice against the Mexican War and on the floor of the same house Joshua R. Giddings called it "a war against an unoffending people, without adequate or just cause, for the purpose of conquest," and said, "I will lend it no aid, no support whatever. I will not bathe my hands in the blood of the people of Mexico, nor will I participate in the guilt of those murders which have been and will hereafter be committed by our army there." In Massachusetts, James Russell Lowell in the *Biglow Papers* poured out his withering scorn against the wickedness and folly of the nation, and in his Boston pulpit Theodore Parker thundered his denunciation against the nation's leaders.

The serious part of this is that if, instead of Mr. Coolidge's admirable appointment of Mr. Morrow to Mexico, we had been in the hands of some crackwitted government that had involved us in war with

Mexico and some of us had done what our forefathers did, we would have been locked up for it. For this absolute religion of nationalism grows apace and while the old religions have gradually sloughed off external penalties for heresy, it is the religion of nationalism that now has its spies, its Judge Jeffreys on the bench, its prison cells. Some time ago a federal judge in this country, with much unnecessary insult and objurgation, refused citizenship to a woman because in her opinions she is a Quaker about war.

So stealthily has this new conflict between freedom of conscience and the absolutism of the nationalistic dogma come upon us that many of us do not recognize its presence. But it is here. According to this dogma the individual conscience of the religious man is not to be supreme but is to be harnessed. The bit and the bridle are to be put into its mouth and it is to be driven by the state. In 1897, in an audience with the German ambassador in Constantinople, Sultan Abd-ul Hamid, though a Mohammedan, said that he had often had occasion to marvel at the kaiser's true religious spirit and his deep understanding of the significance of religion. He shared the kaiser's conviction, he added, that religion alone is the foundation of obedience and hence of the welfare of the peoples. Quite so! Any sultan and the kaiser can agree, though they be Christian and Moslem, on the value of religion if they are allowed to dress religion in nationalistic

livery and make it their servant to further passive obedience. God save us from such subservience of conscience in this nation!

For one of the deepest needs of our nation is the very opposite: men whose supreme allegiance is God and their own consciences, and who, therefore, would never dream of saying, "My country right or wrong," but always, "My country right, to keep her right; my country wrong, to make her right at whatever cost." There is the true patriot, not in the puppet of the state that the dogma of nationalism would produce. There is the hope of the people — not in one hundred per centers ready to jump in any direction when the government cracks the whip, but in men of independent consciences, in time of peace or war, willing to defy the nation in the interests of the nation.

Every Sunday in the navy the white flag of religion is floated above the stars and stripes. It is the only flag that ever is floated above the national emblem. It is the symbol of what ought perpetually to be true about our consciences.

IV

In the third place, this developed dogma of nationalism not only spoils monotheism and enslaves the Christian conscience, but it reduces Christianity to a harmless myth and keeps it from being a program of real action. How easy it is to reduce Christianity to a myth! A preëxistent, divine Being,

virgin-born into the world, who died an expiatory death, rose in the body on the third day, ascended in the body to the skies and thence straightway will return to set up his millennial government on earth — how easy it is to reduce the Christian gospel to its mythological framework! But what that Being said when he was on earth, the kind of life he lived, the principles of individual and social life he taught — how easy it is to neglect that! And when a man refuses to neglect that, when he finds there the very nub of the whole matter, he comes into irrepressible conflict with the dogma of nationalism. For one thing, the dogma of nationalism means anarchy. If I should say that I am an anarchist, that would cause a stir. But what is an anarchist except one who says that each individual is a sovereign unit with no coöperative control over him to represent the interests of the community? And what is nationalism but that very doctrine that each nation is a sovereign unit, that if it wishes to make war it may make war, that if it wishes to build a great army and navy it is at liberty to do so, that being sovereign in war or peace it may do what it will so long as it is strong enough to get away with it. My friends, let us call things by their right names. That is anarchy. That is where we are now — in international anarchy. That is where we will be as long as the dogma of nationalism obtains.

This dogma loves to make itself respectable. It arrays itself in the panoply of patriotism. It moves

in good society. But, for all that, it is sheer, shameless anarchy, and, because it is anarchy, it means war. While the forces of war are organized, those of peace are not, and the dogma of nationalism does not want them to be. This is the gist of the whole matter; nationalism long since organized the forces of war and now it is fighting with full determination against every endeavor to organize the forces of peace. This dogma of nationalism therefore, involving anarchy in theory, involves war in fact.

And such war! There are people yet who think that you can clip this tiger's claws while the wild beast still is at large. They credulously believe that, knowing how to drop bombs on villages, we may be persuaded not to do it in war time; that, poison gases being in our control, so easy to make, so tremendous in effect, we may outlaw them from actual employment when war's passion bursts; that, having within reach the technique of infecting enemy populations with pestilential bacteria, we may be beguiled into not doing it when we need it most. How credulous people are in spite of all the lessons of history! Believe in any superstition you will — believe in witchcraft, believe in demonical possession, believe that an eclipse is caused by a dragon swallowing the sun — but how can one believe that when war comes enemies will fail to employ any agency of destruction they can lay their hands to? As each new instrument of death, from the days of bows and arrows to the days of gunpowder, has been

ruthlessly employed in spite of all the cries of horror that have been lifted at its introduction, so now biological laboratories under the egis of national governments are perfecting the technique of infecting enemy populations with pestilential bacteria, and nothing will prevent the use of that or any other agency when war bursts.

We face, then, the indisputable conclusion that the dogma of nationalism, involving anarchy in theory and war in fact, must work out to its climax: that as long as that dogma obtains, it will repeatedly happen that one nation will conscript its Christians and another nation will conscript its Christians, and the two nations will hurl their Christians at each other's throats. Those Christians will drop bombs on each other's villages, murder each other's mothers and babies, consolidate vast blockades and starve each other by millions, poison each other with gas, and slaughter each other with pestilences.

Do you seriously mean that you think there can be any compromise or accommodation between this dogma of nationalism on the one side and the spirit of Christ on the other?

Nationalism at its best can be beautiful! At its best it is one of the unifying forces of the world. Here in this country it takes folk of every tribe, tongue, people, and nation and braids them together. It is stronger than creed, stronger than class, stronger than race. It takes diverse multitudes and makes them one, weaving America, like Joseph's

coat, of many colors and yet unified. But just because we feel so deeply the beautiful meanings of nationalism when it is at its best we hate the more this new dogma of nationalism that rips our one God into tribal gods, tramples on the sacred heritage of a free conscience, and makes of our Christianity an idle myth instead of a program of serious social action. Ah, men of Philippi, not all dead yet, who, facing Christ, say still about his gospel: . . . "not lawful for us to receive, or to observe, being Romans"!

ETERNAL GOD, Thou seest how often in our imagination we turn back to great days when our forefathers stood at the cost of their lives against the public enemies of the gospel. Help us, we beseech thee, to see that we live in such a time, as real, as crucial, as ever the church has faced. Make us genuine Christians. Let the same daring and devotion with which brave soldiers have fought in war characterize our crusade for peace. Give us vision, intelligence, wisdom, and courage, and grant that before it is too late the nations may recognize that not ideals alone but the salvation of civilization depends upon following the path that once was blazed by the Man of Galilee. We ask it in his name. Amen.

Despair and Faith

by

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"*Curse God, and die.*" Job 2: 9
"*Hope thou in God.*" Psalm 42: 11

Two contrasted moods toward life, the world, and the universe have in all ages contended for empire over the mind of man. These two moods are despair and faith, pessimism and hope. Nowhere, within the range of my knowledge, are these two moods condensed into more vivid or more impressive forms than in the words which I have quoted from the book of Job and from the forty-second Psalm. "Curse God, and die." There is despair; there is the view that sees every avenue ending in darkness, that regards the universe as evil and only evil, that discovers life to be the supreme mistake; and the only adequate and infinite consolation, death. "Hope thou in God." There is faith; faith that finds in life immeasurable possibilities of high satisfaction, that finds in the environment a great ultimate purpose of help and sympathy, that gathers the universe up into the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of

the Holy Spirit. My purpose is to bring these two moods into sharp contrast, that those who have their lives to live, and are looking forward to the years, may, in this way, perhaps be aided in making their choice clear and sure.

I

These two moods are contrasted as vision. Pessimism is amazingly keen, but it sees only the evil, or, if it sees the good, it sees it only as making evil more terrible, — as, it is said, "Love makes death more appalling." This one-sidedness of pessimism is fatal to it as philosophy. It is a Polyphemus with one eye, and by and by that one eye goes out in darkness. Pessimism sees the gloaming deepening toward midnight, but it does not see night star-crowned and glorious.

Faith sees both the evil and the good; and further, it sees that the good may overcome evil, that the fighter against evil may gain by the conflict insight, wisdom, character, unshakable peace, and endless hope.

Despair has given rise to many great poems, all the way from Lucretius' "On the Nature of Things" to James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." These are surely great works of genius, but the music is all in one key, monotonous, unvarying, burdensome in the last degree; the whole volume of this music of despair is sung in the terrible dirge Shakespeare has made so familiar to us:

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day;
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

There is evil, flat, final, unproductive, desolate as death.

Faith has another song. Let us listen, not to one of the highest but to one of the most universal of these lyrics of faith and see what comes of the struggle with evil:

"And, even should misfortunes come,
I here wha sit hae met wi'some,
An's thankfu' for them yet,
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They mak' us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where."

Here we have not a barren process, an unproductive campaign; here in the heart of the conflict is the vision of gain immeasurably great.

Pessimism sees Egypt without the Nile; it is desert, desolation, death. Faith sees Egypt with that river of life flowing through the desert, reclaiming it more and more and making it blossom as the rose.

I ask you to recall those great words in the Book of Revelation. "These that are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?" "Sir, thou knowest. These are they that came out of the great tribulation." What does "tribulation" mean? Threshing, the beating of the grain that it may be freed from the straw and the husk. "And they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Pessimism sees only the tribulation. Faith sees that, and also the purified hosts that stand before God. Apply this to the fifty thousand dead boys, American boys, in the great World War. They passed through the great tribulation. Surely the vision is one-sided and untrustworthy that sees only the tribulation. We call for another mode of vision, we call for faith with its seerlike eye, to behold the tribulation of existence and its possible triumph.

II

These two moods are contrasted as action. Pessimism, so far as it is logical, is impotence for the individual. He is stationed where he thinks there is a precipice behind, a precipice before, one on either side, and to move is death; to stay is death. The logical pessimist, when called to action, is

always asking, "What is the use? Born to a frail life as a child, what is the use of trying to improve it?" Daniel Webster was born a frail child, but, by the faith of his parents and by his own faith in physical culture, became the physical superman that answered to the intellectual superman that he was.

When a man is born to hardship, to an environment almost destitute of educational advantages and intellectual privileges — if he is a pessimist, he accepts it as final. But faith repudiates fatalism, works wonders, as in the man Tennyson describes—

"Who breaks his births invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blow of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

"Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

"And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

There is the biography of Abraham Lincoln. His career came out of faith in himself, out of faith in his American environment, out of faith in the Universe that endowed him, inspired him, and set him among his brethren.

When we come to its effect on society, pessimism is indeed a calamity. So far as it is logical, it preaches the unavailingness of all effort. If you give heed to a logical pessimist, he will make you believe there is no use in fighting your appetites, no use trying to subdue your passions, no use endeavoring to overcome the evil in yourselves or to contribute in any degree toward the victory of right over wrong in the community; so far as he prevails, you become as pessimistic and as impotent as your preacher. Pessimism is not to be regarded as an innocent sentimental dream, but as the arrest of power for the youth who has to fight his way to honor and as a calamity to society. Men do not try to do what they believe to be impossible. No reasonable man tries to stop the ebb and flow of the tides, to arrest sunrise or sunset, the succession of the seasons, of the flight of the planet; these are manifest impossibilities. And if we ever come into the mood in which we believe that we are powerless in the presence of the evil within us, and powerless in the presence of the evil in society, we shall do nothing.

If we are to achieve as moral beings, we must believe. You recall the story of Paul in his shipwreck. Word was passed among those seventy-six souls, "All hope is now lost that we shall be saved." There is pessimism; and if that mood had prevailed, those seventy-six persons would have gone to the bottom of the sea. Paul took command of the ship and said, "I had a vision this night from my God, who told

me that He had given me all these souls." There was no miracle in the matter at all: it was the achievement of faith working through the resourceful intellect and indomitable will. Some swam ashore, some went on planks, and some went we are not told how, but they all got to land; every man was saved by faith working through resourceful intellect and invincible will. You recall the old hymn, sung even in our extremity. When I was a boy it used to be said that it was by no means sure that God would accept a penitent sinner. That did not seem to me unreasonable; very likely it might be true. But this did not altogether paralyze an earnest boy; it made him uncertain, but it did not absolutely commit him to immobility and stagnation. There was the tentative faith of the song:

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

There is a chance if you get up and work; there is no chance at all if you do nothing. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The might of Eternal breaks in upon you, streams through you, and flames forth from you, in victorious action, when you do your work like a man.

III

These two moods are contrasted in issue. Pessimism I have said is unproductive; from nothing comes nothing. Pessimism is not even a good critic. It is not even a good faultfinder; it is frantic, fanatical, irresponsible, insane; otherwise we should keep it for that great task. Criticism and faith are friends. All intelligent faith calls for criticism as its constant companion. One of the great critics in the history of the world was the Greek Socrates. He called himself an "examiner"; and what an examiner he was! But underneath the great critical movement of this man's career there was a sublime faith. He believed in the possibility of scientific knowledge clear and sure, he set himself to clear the field of all the sham knowledges of his time; fundamentally he was a believer, and his criticism was the friend and servant of his faith.

Pessimism comes empty-handed: it brings nothing, it does nothing, it is nothing but a blue and abominable mood. You never knew a pessimist to be loved by his kind, you never will know one to be loved, because he is the enemy of effort, achievement, power, light, joy, victorious song. He is more than that; I am not now going to say what.

Faith is the one immeasurable, creative power in the life of humanity. Will you think that over? Law, order, government, social justice and its ideals, sci-

ence, art, literature, philosophy, and all religions, including the greatest of them, Christianity, come up out of a fundamental faith in the soul's relation to the Beauty, the Goodness, and the Soul of the Universe. I cannot discuss this; there is not time. Think over this statement, that the whole achievement of humanity and all the hope for greater achievement come up out of the positive, affirmative mood, out of a fundamental and sublime faith.

What are the consolations for you and me in our brief day? We did not see the beginning of the world, and we shall not see the end of it. The consummation of the purposes of God in our world and in the universe is a great thing. It is *His* universe, it belongs to Him, it moves on toward its goal, and the world toward its goal, and we are living in it, with Him; but we shall not see *His* purpose fulfilled in our short span of time. What are our consolations as we stand in the shadow of this infinite movement of God, cosmic and human?

Love; there is the first consolation. You are struck, are you not, with these wonderful words? Love "rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth," and for the truth's sake "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Then come the words that give the wings of a seraph to the human spirit, "Love never faileth," because "God is love." Love is, as Shakespeare said,

"An ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken."

There is our first consolation — love. Let the cosmic movement go on, under the care of God, and let the kingdom of God come in time, again under His care. Let both movements receive the greeting and homage of our love, let them go onward with our prayers, our cheers, our delights, and our hopes. There is one unfailing consolation in our brief and dark day.

The second consolation is the sense of duty. If God had wanted you and me to be here at the beginning of the world, He would have put us here. If He had wanted us to see it through to the end, He would have arranged for that. We are here for a day; we are gone tomorrow. We are here for a bit of duty, to fit into the world movement for righteousness and the universal movement toward its consummation. Our task is our sovereign interest, and when we have done it, we are to answer with a cheer, like brave men, the call of Him who sent us forth. He sent us to do our bit of work, and when we have done it, we go to Him, with this consolation:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done.
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

And what are the wages of a conscientious, dutiful servant of man in the name of God? The beatific vision, and a place in the fellowship of those who behold God and are at peace.

Infinite Father, grant us heart and hope in the tumult of this mixed world in which Thou hast given us our life, in which Thou has set our struggle and our goal. Help us not to be faint-hearted; help us to see the evil and the good that are everywhere, but also help us to see that good, in its high contention, may win a wise mind and a valiant will, a heart made clean and deep, resting on the heart of God. And help us, our Father, to listen to no dissuasives from endeavor in our own personal struggle with uncleanness and wrong; and may nothing keep us back from taking our place in the ranks of those who are soldiers of the well-being and freedom of mankind. May we see the issue of all things to be the new creation in Christ, the new world and the new universe through him, flowing forth from the perfect will of God. Help us to wait, dowered with love and harnessed by duty, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all forever. Amen.

The Recovery of a Lost Enthusiasm

by

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"Children that sit in the marketplace, and call one to another; who say, We piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not weep."
Luke 7:32 (Am. Rev. Version)

There is something very striking about the characterizations which fell from the lips of Jesus. Sometimes they have a brief and terribly ironic pungency as when he described Herod with the word "that fox." Sometimes they consist of pictures which require quiet and patient inspection if one is to see their full significance. Sharp and clear and vivid pictures were all the while hanging to the words of Jesus. And sometimes these pictures take us far into the recesses of his mind. He is speaking to a generation which did not seem able to give itself heartily to anything. John the Baptizer had come with the words of stern asceticism, a stark rugged figure calling men to wed the wilderness. And as they listened to his remorseless, demanding speech, too hard for their indulgent ways, men turned from him saying, " He has a devil of morose-

ness." Jesus had come, his eyes alight with the very joy of life, ready to add a new glory to every festivity, ready to give a new and beautiful meaning to every healthful experience of life. He accepted and transfigured the whole round of normal relationships among men. And with a cool skepticism they turned from him suggesting that he cared too much for the good things of the table, that he was a mere apostle of food and drink. There must have been a whimsical smile touched with sad irony in his eyes as he characterized this generation incapable of any loyal enthusiasm, who responded neither to John's splendidly stern asceticism nor to his own glad humanity. So he pictured children as he had seen them playing in the market place after the busy activities of men's buying and selling, when the children's games had taken the place of the voices of trade. They were tired now after much playing, with the irritability which comes to children when they ought to be asleep. And so they could not agree about their games. When one group piped the other group would not dance; when one group wailed the other group would not mourn. And the shrill child voices rose in contentious faultfinding. "You won't play wedding, you won't play funeral, you won't play any games at all!" The generation to which Jesus spoke was like these quarreling children. It had become incapable of social coördination. It had become incapable of giving itself with enthusiasm to anything. It would

not play the game. It reminds one of the fault which Browning found with the two frustrate ghosts in the "Statue and the Bust," who had not possessed enough vitality even to play the devil with courageous enthusiasm.

Our generation too has lost zestful enthusiasm for the game of life. We are like old-time children in the market place, too sadly disillusioned to play any game with joyous abandon. We hear the pipers but we do not dance. We hear the wailing but we do not mourn. We have forgotten the secrets of creative enthusiasm. With distinguished nobility of style and fascinating felicity of phrase, C. E. Montague — gone from us, alas, and carrying with him his pen of gold — has expressed the mood in that memorable book *Disenchantment.* There the strange scars which the war left upon men's souls are inspected with an almost cruel light falling upon them. The futility of glorious enthusiasm, the frustration of high desire, the sordid reality breaking in upon romantic dreams, are seen as only a master can make us see.

It is possible, however, seriously to lift the question as to whether this loss of enthusiasm does lead to a situation of actual tragedy. Have we not gained in honesty more than we have lost in undisciplined hope? Is it not clear gain to live in a world where it has become quite impossible to chant

> "Every day in every way
> We are growing better and better"?

Is there not a fine antiseptic quality about the new and desperate honesty which brings a joy of its own? When you read a piece of telling and unhesitating irony like C. E. Montague's *Right off the Map*, which with such sure and effective strokes lays bare the pretense and make-believe which cover unlovely deeds with urbane and gracious speech, does not the experience remind you of breathing mountain air on a morning when the cool tonic of the hills is so much better than the hot and drowsy stillness in the valleys below? I for one have no desire to underestimate the value of the new honesty. In the period behind us, smugness, complacency, and oily and slippery hypocrisy were tolerated as they are not tolerated today. Our eyes have been cleared of a good deal of make-believe even if they have been robbed of radiant dreams. And yet I fear we must admit that there are very tragic elements in the present situation. For one thing I do not see how we can avoid the knowledge that the greatest human achievements have always had creative enthusiasm back of them. Cool and cutting criticism has never been able to supply the passion necessary for the supreme activities of man. If Jesus had never uttered a word except that powerful characterization of Herod, "that fox," we would never have heard of his name. His criticisms — and he was the most amazing of critics — were incidental. They did not lie at the heart of his utterance. They did not come from the creative center of his work.

When you examine a poem like Robert Browning's *The Ring and the Book* you find in "Tertium Quid" almost startling critical intelligence but never the vast heaving movement of creative enthusiasm. When you come to "the Pope" you are still in the presence of powers of brilliant analysis, but something has been added. There is the deeply burning fire of a great spiritual passion. There is the flame of an abiding and quenchless enthusiasm for goodness and God and for the permanent elements of greatness in man. And at once you feel that when the Pope speaks you touch the reality of things, that you understand the motives of men as you do not in the presence of the caustic cleverness of the speaker in "Tertium Quid." Indeed, one may go on and say that the whole great poem — for *The Ring and the Book* must rank as one of the great achievements of the nineteenth century — gains its final power through this moral and spiritual enthusiasm which transcends all cynical disbelief, that high passion which extorts a great faith from circumstances of unbelievable duplicity, and situations where evil seems to sit in scornful assurance upon the throne. There is a good deal of difference between a surgical instrument and a seed. The surgical instrument removes malignant growths. The seed has all the promise of abounding and unfolding life. You feel the cold blade of the surgeon very often as you read *The Ring and the Book*. But the seeds with strange secrets of sprouting life are all the while being

planted in the reader's mind. And seeds and not knives make such a work immortal.

One can understand with unhesitating sympathy how inevitable it was that after the strain and stress and vast incalculable tragedy of the war a period of terrible depression and hard disillusionment would settle upon the world. In the very sincerity of such an experience lay its safety. But it is not safe if it continues too long. The time comes when disillusionment either hardens into a rigid incapacity for creative endeavor or sets in motion curative processes which will make a new enthusiasm possible. Only by means of this new enthusiasm can the best work be done. Without it there are dark days ahead. For we live by our creative enthusiasms. We do not live by our destructive criticisms.

There is something else which must be said. I do not like the saying of it. I do not see how any man who has looked honestly at his own failure as to inner attitude and outer action can with any complacency call men's attention to this so significant matter. But it has to do with the actuality of things. And it must be considered. William Watson has a tragic line in which he speaks of "Pools whose wellspring has failed." One reads the words as if they were an indictment, for they remind us that the sources of failing vitality and waning enthusiasm at last are found within and not without the spirit of man. It is only when the foe has broken into the citadel that tragic damage is done. There

is a proud flag waving until the fortress itself is conquered, even though the country all about be overrun by foes. But when the wellspring within the soul has failed there is failure indeed. Gilbert Chesterton has reminded us in his study of Charles Dickens, in the "English Men of Letters Series," of the optimism, the capacity for forgetfulness of suffering, and the simple gladness to be found among the very poor. The pessimists are not found in slums. They are found in palaces. The surfeited rich who have failed to gain in character as they have gained in property experience a fatty degeneration which leaves them dull and bitter, uninspired and disillusioned. Every prospect pleases, but only man is vile. In dark and treacherous places in our cities often every prospect is vile and only some unquenchable power in the spirit of man rises to hope and dream and at last to achieve. In truth it is rather our own inner failure than the failure of the world which has power to make cynics of us. You cannot doubt the validity of an ideal to which you are true. You cannot believe in the validity of an ideal to which you are false. It is the rotting tissue in our own character that makes it easy for us to believe the tissue of society is without any soundness or health. It is the goodness we have betrayed that makes it impossible for us to believe in the power of goodness among men. All too often our disillusionment has roots in our own character which require the services of the surgeon's knife.

And so we come to the great matter in this discussion. For that searching question must be lifted, which asks how we may recover our lost enthusiasm. How may we find our way to the sources of creative joy in work; of seminal gladness in the experiences of life? How can we find that high and confident passion through which the greatest work is done and by means of which the greatest achievements are made possible? How shall the soul whose wellsprings have failed find fountains of perpetual vitality? How shall the generation of grown-up children in the market place find renewed joy in supporting each other as they go about that game of life where there is piping and there is wailing but as long as there is fellowship and creative sympathy in joy and in pain we may say quite simply and surely that all is well.

We will not be discouraged when we discover that we must fight our way through to creative enthusiasm, for there is something very deeply lodged within us which responds when the bugle blows. And, indeed, if the diagnosis is complicated, the prescription is simple and direct. Let us look then upon that medicine of the mind which may be offered for our ills. I think we cannot deny that the very beginning of our recovery is to be found in the practice of a deeper honesty. For there is an honesty even deeper than that of the brilliant disillusionment in which so many of our contemporaries live. The very frank inspection of the sources of failure in our own

lives is in the beginning a painful thing. But as we refuse to blame society in respect of that for which we were personally to blame, this very honesty becomes a curiously creative thing. As we cast away the falsehoods by means of which we protect our complacency, there is a vast relief and we begin to feel a new hope. The man who tells himself the whole truth about himself can never despair. For it will come home to him that this capacity for costly honesty has in it the promise of moral victory. And out of this experience a man goes with cleansed eyes to view the evils of his time. He does not underestimate their dolorous tragedy. But the sad and beautiful and sternly strong honesty with which he has dealt with his own soul gives him a new hope as he deals with the ills of the world.

Then we must find our way to a deeper faith. There is an amazing poem in the writing of the American poet Channing in which these words occur, " If my bark sinks 'tis to another sea." What a picture these words flash before our minds! The tempest has been too much for the ship. Masts and spars are broken and fallen. The fierce waters have cut their way into the ship. And with a convulsive gasp it sinks with all who are on board. But this is not the end. It sinks not to death but to life. It sinks to another sea where in stormless friendliness the waters offer their gleaming surface to its recovered sails. Curiously enough it is in hours of tragedy that the greatest faith is born. Dante knew

such bitterness of circumstances, such pursuit of hatred, such bending of his proud spirit to humiliating experiences, as have fallen to the lot of few men. Yet as his bark sank he found another sea. And it was from his strange corrosive agony that he came to that golden hour when he could write "In his will is our peace." And it was moving through the disordered life of a chaotic age that he came to the view which shone in the words in which he speaks of the love which moves the sun and all the other stars. In an age of disillusionment he had found the deeper faith.

We must remind ourselves again of the truth which lies in the very heart of Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason.* The moment we begin to act upon high principles they attain a new and commanding authenticity. The loyal life is the road to the recovery of moral and spiritual enthusiasm. It may seem to some a small and unimportant thing when the vital figure who holds the center of the stage in Goethe's *Faust,* after all his misdeeds, sets about changing a swamp into a habitable land. But it is not an anticlimax. For now the whole direction of a life has been changed. When once you have turned right about you can see the far lights upon towers of beauty which you could not see when your back was turned toward them. They may be far away but they are the goal of your journey. And as you look upon them the old simple, joyous belief in life returns.

It is only with hesitation and a certain abashed humility that one ventures to speak of a great matter. One day the gay young Francis knelt in the presence of a cross upon which hung the figure which brought to mind the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. It came to the bright and volatile lad of Assisi that he was to have dealings with that figure upon the Cross. And he felt the will of the Crucified become his own will. By and by he set all Europe singing as Europe had never sung. And he taught men all over Italy and all about the lands of the West to apprehend with a joyous love they had not known before the stainless glory of the Crucified.

Through the twining ways of all human experience — yours and mine — there is a path which calls with the allurement of a strange secret. It is a path which leads us as it led young Francis to a cross by the wayside. There is a figure upon the cross. With that figure we too are to have commerce. There is a moral vision of Christ which makes that commerce possible. And so our dreams and hopes and enthusiasms are to be given back to us in this bitter and baffling world. There is no arrogant assertion of scornful doubt which is not defeated when the figure on the cross descends from his creative agony to do battle for the hopes of the world.

As we accept these things and make them personal we are ready to have our share in forming circles which are to be the beginning of the great

and friendly society. And little groups of two and three together can reinforce each other in amazing ways. So creative enthusiasm becomes a social achievement and a social power. Such groups small and large all about the earth carry the promise of the future in their minds and hearts. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. For they have become as little children not in the hour of petulant weariness, but in the hour of joyous comradeship. When the pipers of human gladness sound they have moving feet of joyous response. In the presence of the wail of human pain they have the abounding sympathy of the unspoiled heart, the tears of simple children to whom the hurts of life are their own pain. And in joy and sorrow they have the deep and abiding assurance of a great faith, the creative enthusiasm of those whom the fires of cynicism cannot touch.

The Inner Life of a Christian

by

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"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."
PSALM 63:1

MY subject is the most intimate and personal that I could have chosen — the use we make of our leisure thoughts. It is not, I am afraid, so interesting as any of the controversial subjects that I might have chosen, such as "The Church and Socialism," or "Catholicism and Protestantism," or "Modernism and Fundamentalism." It is not controversial at all; it concerns the most private life of every man and woman — all the things that an Englishman likes to keep to himself. My reason for choosing it is that I believe it is the most important of all subjects, and that I think it is neglected by most of our preachers and teachers. I might quote from the Book of Proverbs — "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," or from the pagan saint, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "The soul is dyed the colour of its thoughts." But I prefer

to appeal to Christ himself. What were the most distinctive and original parts of his message? I should choose three, which I give in his own words: (1) "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Pagan moralists had made justice the primary virtue; Christ puts love or sympathy for our neighbours in that place. (2) "He that willeth to save his life [or soul] shall lose it; and he that is willing to lose his life [or soul] shall save it." That means that, as Tennyson says, we must advance on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things. Our progress must be made by giving up the bad for the good, the good for the better, the better for the best. Die to live, as Matthew Arnold sums it up. (3) And this is my point — "Not that which goeth into a man defileth a man, but that which cometh out of a man, that defileth a man." Rules about eating and drinking and washing are worth very little; but if we do not keep our hearts clean, we shall never see God, here or hereafter, and if our hearts are impossible places for the Holy Spirit to enter, they will not remain empty. Evil spirits will enter in and dwell there.

This is our Lord's teaching, and we none of us take it seriously enough. Whether our object be to stand well with our neighbours, or to satisfy our consciences, we are too often content if we have avoided offences in word and deed, without troubling ourselves whether our secret thoughts have been consistent with the character we wish to bear.

We all have two selves — an outer self to which we pay much attention, and an inner self which we often leave to take care of itself. It is a mistake; it is a game which no one is clever enough to play consistently. Our neighbours know our real characters better than we suspect. We know that we judge others by all kinds of small indications — the expression of the face, the tone of the voice, unguarded expressions, or the general *set* of the actions to selfish or unselfish ends. Others judge us in the same way. If we want to be loved, we must be lovable; if we want to be trusted, we must be trustworthy; if we want not to be known to do something, we must not do it. Besides this, the inner man in the long run makes the outer. You remember that unforgettable story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. "The double heart makes the double head," as an old writer says. All experience goes to show that our Lord was right.

Please don't say that "this soul-saving business is out of date" — that we have now learnt that religion is social, not individual. That is really claptrap. Our Lord's method was always "From within outwards; from the individual to the citizen." Don't talk about self-devotion until you are sure you have a self to devote. We all want to help to build the city of God; but the living stones of that city are our lives. Each of us brings a stone himself. Is it to be solid marble or good stone, or wood, hay, stubble, only fit to flare up at the next fire? Don't be afraid

of trying to purify your own characters. That is, after all, the bit of garden which we are given to cultivate, the bit of the line which we have to defend. There are a few people who are too much wrapped up in themselves — spiritual valetudinarians; but it is not at all a common temptation in these days. St. Paul's religion was so otherworldly that he said, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable"; but his conclusion, after justifying the Christian hope of immortality, is: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." The notion that spirituality makes a man a bad citizen is simply untrue.

The spiritual life means a life in which the soul has free access to God, and God to the soul. It is a life of communion with God. Most of us find this communion with God so difficult that we are sometimes tempted to doubt whether it is a genuine experience at all. Or if we do not put it so strongly as this, we have to admit that it is not real to us. When we speak of real life, we generally mean the world around us, all the things that we can see and hear and touch. The world of ideas, of art, science, philosophy, and religion seems to us less real because it is intangible and invisible. Most people, during their waking hours, are chiefly concerned with concrete things. Even students are more occupied in loading their memories than in contemplating ideals. And

so, when we try to turn our thoughts to God, when we kneel to pray or endeavour to remember heavenly things at spare moments, we find it very difficult. Our minds do not work easily or naturally on these subjects. There is something forced and unreal about our meditation or devotion. We find that we are not really praying at all, but only repeating words mechanically. And then comes the temptation to say, "My religion is a sham, an unreality. I wonder whether the religion of others is only make-believe too."

Now I have one or two remarks to make about this. In the first place, it is quite natural and inevitable that if we spend sixteen hours a day of our waking life in thinking about the affairs of this world, and about five minutes, or less, in thinking about God and our souls, this world will seem about two hundred times more real to us than God and our souls. This must be so, however real and important the spiritual world may actually be. The fact that it seems unreal to us is no argument that it is unreal, if we rarely think about it. Things we do not think about always seem unreal to us. Do not then argue that God is unreal because He seems unreal to you. Ask yourselves whether you have given Him, or rather yourselves, a fair chance.

Secondly, people are very differently constituted in their capacity for religious feeling. Some are religiously gifted; others are not. Some have what is called the mystical sense — the power of feeling the

presence of God intensely and intimately; others have it not. Two mistakes are made about this gift of devotion. Some think it is a proof of goodness and holiness — that all those whose hearts are right with God have it, while those who are unregenerate have it not. Others think that it is all a delusion, a product of excited nerves and morbid imagination. Both are wrong. The gift of devotion is an endowment like a taste for music or poetry. In its highest form it is genius of a certain kind. The saints are our masters in the spiritual life. They have the same kind of authority in their own sphere that the great poets and musicians have in theirs. We sit at their feet and learn from them what we are able to assimilate. We do not think that all music is rubbish, because we may happen to be unmusical; nor, like George III, that much of Shakespeare is sad stuff, because we may happen to prefer a cinema or a sensational novel. The great saints have been men of genius, like Handel or Rembrandt or Shakespeare. If we are wise, we are willing to learn what they can teach us on their own subjects.

But it is almost as great a mistake to suppose that religiosity is a mark of the goodness which God values. Clergymen, I am afraid, often make this mistake, carried away by professional zeal; they are naturally pleased with people who are regular churchgoers, and disposed to think well of them; but laymen know better. They know that the most unselfish, upright, kind-hearted men and women of

their acquaintance are often not outwardly religious. At any rate, no one would think of calling them saints. Now the right way to look at this is that the gift of devotion is a good and precious gift, which we ought to cultivate and be very thankful for if we have it, and a thing which we ought all to try to acquire; but that it is not a measure of our acceptance with God.

From what we read of the Twelve Apostles, I should gather that most of them were not naturally religious men — not naturally gifted in that direction. I judge this from the really stupid misunderstandings of our Lord's teaching which are recorded of them. Christ chose them because they were true-hearted and generous men, men capable of making great sacrifices, brave and loyal men. It is a rather humiliating fact for us parsons that Christ never thought of choosing any except laymen — fishermen, tax collectors, and one, Simon the Zealot, who must have earned his nickname by being a revolutionary, a sort of anarchist — but no priests! Well, then, if you have this gift of devotionality, do not be proud of it; do not suppose that it will necessarily make you pure and honourable and unselfish. I regret to say that this is very far from being the case. And if you have it not, recognize frankly that it is a defect in your make-up, like a want of taste for literature or art, and that you must go to school humbly to the saints in order to know what are the high and holy truths which God reveals by His

Spirit to some men and women, whom he chooses to be the receivers and witnesses of these revelations. Do not disbelieve what they say because you cannot have these experiences yourselves, and do not think meanly of yourselves because God has not committed this special grace to you. Only, before you make up your minds that you are spiritually short-sighted, I repeat that you ought to give the Holy Spirit, or, rather, yourselves, a fair chance. You do not give Him, or yourselves, a fair chance, until you determine to perform frequently what are called acts of faith. I mean that we must force ourselves to direct our whole minds toward divine things. When we have a few minutes, or even only one minute, to spare, by ourselves alone, we ought to say, " Now I want to think about, and make real to myself, those great facts about the unseen eternal world which Christ has revealed to us, and which thousands of good men and women have seen and felt as plainly as I see and feel this table and chair in my room. Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy law. Thou hast said, O Lord, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. O make my heart pure, that I may see Thee."

You will find these exercises very difficult at first, and you will sometimes doubt whether they are doing you any good. But believe me, they will clear and open out channels in your mind which are now choked up from disuse; they will make it possible

for the fresh springs of God's grace, the sweet influences of His Holy Spirit, to flow freely through your hearts. They will gradually form habits of spiritual communion which will be an inestimable joy and help to you. Surely you may trust those who have tried it, when they all say the same thing. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, for Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee."

But perhaps some may say, "I am not sure that I ought to force my mind into this groove, even if it would make me happier to do so. I have serious doubts, and I think I ought to face them." Certainly, in my opinion, you ought to face them. While you only drive them away, you will never be free from them. Or if you succeed by an effort of will in driving them away, you will be doing a violence to your disinterested love of truth, and that is a thing which no one can do with impunity. Religion is not an anodyne, a sort of opium, as Lenin pretended. I like the passage in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, where he says that he heard the voice of Christ speaking in his heart, "I am the food of the full-grown; be a man, and thou shalt feed upon me."

But let me suggest this to you. Religious doubts, it seems to me, are of two kinds. Some doubts are concentrated upon some particular doctrine or dogma of religion. There is a skeleton in our spiritual cupboard which destroys our sense of security, our joy and peace in believing. We have

perhaps listened to one of those misguided apologists whose favourite weapon is the dilemma. "You tell me you don't believe so-and-so. Well, then, you can't believe this other thing, either. And if you don't believe this other thing, your whole religion must go by the board. Take it or leave it; the whole stands or falls together." Well, that is a very unfair and a very calamitous way of arguing. Religious belief, like scientific belief, is a living and growing thing. It was not petrified for all time fifteen hundred years ago. It changes a little in each generation, and because it is alive, it is able to change in response to its environment without losing its identity. If you want to convince yourself of the identity of a grown man with the baby he was thirty years ago, you do not try to squeeze him into his cradle.

My advice therefore is, Pull the skeleton out of the cupboard and have a good look at it. Ask yourself candidly — What does this doctrine prove, if it is true? And what necessarily goes with it if it has to go? Is it part of my religion, or only a bit of scaffolding, or an outbuilding, or perhaps not even that but something which I have vaguely supposed to be somehow connected with Christian belief? I want to emphasize this, because I have found that some of the most determined opponents of Christianity are men who have been set against it by the absurd and antiquated lessons which were taught them in Sunday school, and which they justly think are impossible for an intelligent man

to believe. If they knew what thoughtful and well-educated Christians really believe, they would not have thrown over the whole thing with contempt and dislike. I repeat that you should ask yourselves — What does this doctrine, which I doubt, prove if it is true? And what necessarily goes with it, if it is not true? If, as is probable, your difficulty is about some event in the distant past, or in the future, you may fairly remember that our whole view of the order of the world has changed a good deal since the creeds were drawn up. Our experience is that God acts on the world gradually, and in accordance with the laws which He made for His universe. In ancient times it was more natural to believe in sudden interventions from outside. We cannot all take part in these controversies, or form an intelligent opinion about them. But I think you may fairly say to yourselves, "What concerns me is not what Jesus Christ was two thousand years ago, but what he is now to me. Can he be to me what he was to St. Paul, who probably never saw him in the flesh?"

I am speaking to lay folk, who are not obliged to be orthodox theologians. What you have to find is a religion which will be vitally true *to you,* a part of your lives. It is sure to be incomplete; we are all incomplete; but make it real.

Well, then, I do not think the skeleton will seem so formidable when you have had a good look at it. You may be mistaken in doubting this particular dogma; but if you cannot fit it in to your living faith

as a whole, I say, let it go. I repeat that I am speaking to lay folk, who are not commissioned to teach others.

But I said that doubts are of two kinds. The other kind is much more serious. It does not concern any particular doctrine, but comes over us as a general incredulity, a cold skepticism or indifference to the spiritual world as a whole, a thick fog between ourselves and God. I have mentioned already the commonest way in which this state of mind is produced. The cause is simply inattention. We have never trained our spiritual faculty; we seldom even think about the unseen world; and so we lose the power of seeing it, just as fish which live in dark caves lose their eyes.

But, of course, this blindness may be in part a moral infirmity, to be combated by moral weapons. If the whole of a distant landscape, which others have described to me, is a mere blur to my eyes, I infer either that there is a fog, which will pass away soon, or that there is something wrong with my vision. It is when we are troubled with this second kind of doubt that it becomes a pertinent and not an impertinent question — Have I done anything to injure my spiritual eyesight? Is there any reason why I cannot expect to see God? Am I sure I want to see Him, and to remember that He sees me? It will do us no harm to ask these questions, even though in some cases our hearts may not condemn us. Perhaps there is nothing wrong

with our eyes. Perhaps it is only a fog sent for our discipline—for undoubtedly even the best people suffer from periods of dryness, which are very distressing to them. If so, we must be patient, and wait till the clouds roll by.

I have already indicated how I should answer those who tell us that the educated world seems to be against the Christian faith, and that they have no wish to be stranded in an intellectual backwater. In the first place, I don't think it is true. The ablest men today are not orthodox churchmen, but I think most of them believe in God and the spiritual world. They are not materialists. And most of you will agree with me that for the average busy man and woman, who have their work to do and no time for controversy, the question is not between church and chapel, or between Modernism and Fundamentalism, but between God and no God. And on this question it is not true to say that the best intellect in the country is against religion. There is much truth in what Bacon said, that a little philosophy estranges men from religion, but depth in philosophy brings them back to it. I should accept this, with the proviso that the religion to which depth in philosophy brings a man is not the same as the religion which a little philosophy obliged him to give up.

Besides this, I have already said that we are wise to trust an expert in his own subject, and to follow him very warily when he goes off it. This cuts both ways. We have had a theological astronomy and

biology and history, with which the traditional Christian teaching has unfortunately been entangled. These, of course, are relics of obsolete science, embedded in Christianity like dead flies in amber or the fossils of extinct animals in stone. If your faith is well grounded, you will not be troubled by these survivals. But we have also had a materialist philosophy and a determinist ethics, based on a very crude mechanical theory. These were mainly the work of clever scientific men who were not content to stick to their own job.

Give to science the things that belong to science, and to religion the things that belong to religion. Trust the saints when they write or speak about God and the soul. And, above all, trust our Lord Jesus Christ when he tells us that God is our Father, who loves and cares for us all. Jesus convinced those who heard him that he spoke with authority; and his testimony has been confirmed by all who have trusted in him from that day to this. The disciple of Christ will sometimes hear objections to his faith which he cannot answer; but he will have the last word if, like the man whom Christ restored from blindness, he can say, "One thing I know, that whereas before I found him I was blind, now I see."

The inner life means *prayer,* if we give the word its widest extension. Prayer is defined by St. Basil as "the elevation of the mind to God." It thus includes all solemn thought; it is much wider than asking for things that we want. Private prayer is more im-

portant than public worship, if we follow our Lord's counsel. "Thou, when thou prayest." Of course, I do not mean to disparage public worship, but it is not my subject here. The Quakers, as we know, meet together for *silent* prayer and meditation, and some Anglicans have tried to imitate this custom. For myself, I find it helpful, but only for a few minutes. I cannot fix my thoughts for longer, in the absence of any spoken words. But this is partly a matter of habit.

Our Lord himself sometimes spent the whole night in prayer, and he liked to go alone to some mountaintop for the purpose. If it were not for the vagaries of our climate, it would be an unforgettable experience for once to spend a summer night from sunset to sunrise on the top, say, of Skiddaw, and try to get into closer communion with God. We cannot tell *how* he prayed; but his counsels are in favour of short and frequent prayers. He was against mechanical prayers. "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do."

The old custom of kneeling by the bedside when we rise in the morning and before we go to bed is very useful. These prayers may be quite short. Only, before we begin to recite them, we should spend a minute in trying, so to speak, to remember where we are and to whom we are speaking. And do not be content only with a set form of words. Once a week at least we ought to do a little personal stock-taking. One great object of prayer is to make

the acquaintance of a gentleman of whom we know little; I do not mean our Master — I mean ourselves.

Perhaps we seldom even turn our eyes on the undiscovered country within us. How often do we think about another strange country — the past? What does our memory show us? A mist-covered tract, with here and there an isolated peak rising unaccountably clear out of the fog. The greater part of our experience is lost to us for ever. And yet the past still exists. Not only "Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are"; but in the mind of God there is no past, present, or future — all events are present together to Him, with their results. Our faults that we have forgotten are not therefore forgiven; perhaps they are not forgiven because we have forgotten them. And there is another reason why we should not forget the past. Common gratitude, for example. What a debt of gratitude we owe to our parents and others who were good to us in our early years! How much affection and thought were lavished upon us; and how seldom we think of it! Those dear faces, which we saw for the last time on earth many years ago, have we half forgotten what they looked like? Believe me, our lives are incomplete if we allow our memories to fade and die. "Lord, keep my memory green" is the moral of a little story by Dickens.

Our memories will tell us of other things — of turning points in our lives, of merciful and narrow

escapes from great sins and great follies; perhaps of sins which were not escaped, but only undetected; of our besetting temptations. And if we have reached middle life, let us ask ourselves whether we have not come to a comfortable understanding with our characters such as we have made them. Have we tacitly agreed to take ourselves as we are for better and for worse, and not to struggle any more? That is the snare of middle life; not very many escape it. It leads to fatty degeneration of the conscience, a condition which our Lord, I fancy, would have regarded as very serious. We become such creatures of habit that even our blameless actions lose their moral quality. This is why all spiritual guides tell us that there is no standing still. If we are not growing better, we are growing worse; or, at any rate, we are in such deep ruts that it becomes more and more unlikely that we shall get out of them.

Self-examination need not be performed very often, though an old Greek poem advises us to do it every day. "Do not allow sleep to close your eyes before you have gone over all the actions of the day three times. What have I done wrong? What have I done right? What duty have I left undone?" It would not take long to ask and answer these three questions. Of course, to a Christian, all self-examination must take this form — Am I so living that Christ would approve my life?

A rather difficult question is that of self-discipline, which takes a much smaller place in modern life

than in the past. In the past, children, at any rate, lived under a severe, not to say cruel, discipline. Our ancestors agreed with Solomon and the book of Proverbs in believing in "stripes" on all occasions. I don't want to bring back that state of things, nor the days when those who aspired to sainthood flogged themselves frequently. But it is possible that we are getting too soft. What has become of the cold tub which every Englishman, at least in the richer classes, used to take religiously every morning, summer and winter? Look at the early numbers of *Punch* — a well-to-do-family meeting at breakfast. "I had to break the ice in my bath this morning." "So had I." "And you, Tommy?" "I don't know," says Tommy, and is sent upstairs in disgrace. Self-discipline must be left to individual choice. William James advises us to "do something, no matter what, every day, just because you don't like it." From the Sermon on the Mount we gather that some self-discipline should be practised, and that it should be real, secret, and frequent. The object is to gain self-control. Till we try, we don't realize how much our inclinations have got out of hand. They refuse to obey us, and live each its separate life. Christianity is not an ascetic religion in the harsher sense of the word, but it does bid us to live in fairly hard training. Otherwise we are not our own masters, and we shall have to complain in the words of St. Paul, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not."

A great part of self-discipline must be in the region of the thoughts. Our life is above all a mental life. Well, what are our intimate companions like, when we are alone? Who are our guests in that inner chamber? A queer crowd, I expect. Some good and pure, some vulgar, some utterly silly, some downright blackguards. And they have free quarters in what ought to be the temple of the Holy Spirit! Pride, hatred, sloth, envy, avarice, and impurity — all the deadly sins walk in without knocking. Many of us indulge in such thoughts till they almost literally cut channels in our minds, and it becomes extremely hard to check them. Some people form habits of idle day-dreaming. It is one of the most difficult of all faults to cure.

All good physicians of the soul agree that bad thoughts, and, above all, impure thoughts, are not to be conquered by direct attack, but driven out by occupying the mind in other ways. "Be not solitary — be not idle," is the best advice. But whenever these temptations come, short prayers — just a few words — are very helpful.

There is one particular point on which I wish to say something, for it affects us all. I mean *reading*. You remember those beautiful words in the Epistle to the Philippians: "Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are true, noble, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things." The sentence is memorable by its last appeal "if there be any virtue

and if there be any praise." Virtue and the desire of praise — these are not usual words in his mouth. They have almost a pagan sound. I think St. Paul means it. He enumerates the subjects on which our thoughts ought to dwell, and then says, virtually, to the Philippians, " I appeal to you this once not as Christians, but as gentlemen."

Very well! Now look at the newspapers which you read every day. Do they deal with whatsoever things are true, noble, just, pure, lovely, and of good report? Or are they full of whatsoever things are false, mean, dirty, ugly, and of evil report? I am not blaming the newspapers. They have to live; they are what their readers like them to be. But can a nation be in a healthy state when what it likes best to read are details of murder, robbery, adultery, and scandal? (Perhaps you will say, " I don't buy the papers for these but for cricket and football news." And for betting? I am afraid so.) Well, sport, apart from betting, is tolerably harmless. But I put it to you whether the huge sale of one or two newspapers, which I won't name, is not a pretty bad sign in a nominally Christian country. St. Paul's list of things to think about surely ought to make us a little ashamed. And I can't speak better of a great many popular novels. Whatsoever things are *noble* — grave and great — I wish we could see more signs that the popular taste can love and appreciate them.

In conclusion — I have been talking chiefly about prayer. But, of course, I know that there are great

doubts about prayer. You may tell me, Christ promised us that whatever we ask the Father in his name will be given to us. Well, this promise, you may say, is not true, and it can't be true. Two nations at war pray in the name of Christ for victory. Obviously both can't win. We have all asked for dozens of things, such as the recovery from sickness of some one whom we dearly love, and our prayers have not been answered. What have you to say to that?

This first, that to pray in the *name* of Christ means not to use his name as a talisman, or as a man may give his name to back a bill. It means praying in the *spirit* of Christ, offering prayers which Christ would approve of. And how did Christ himself pray at Gethsemane? . . . And St. Paul? . . .

Personally, I must say that if I believed that my prayers could deflect the wise and merciful counsels of God for myself or those whom I love, I should not dare to pray for earthly things at all.

> "Not what we wish, but what we want,
> Lord, let Thy grace supply;
> The good unasked in mercy grant,
> The ill though asked deny."

We are right to "make our requests known to God" "in everything," but we must always add, as Christ did, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done."

But are our prayers really heard? Some psychologists recommend prayers as a spiritual dumbbell exercise. Our prayers effect nothing, but they do us

good. No, that won't do. Tennyson is right. "Speak to Him then, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet." Heaven is nearer to our souls than this world is to our bodies. I don't think that anyone who has made a practice of prayer ever doubts that our prayers are heard. Sometimes there seems to be no response; that we must be prepared for. But not always. Sometimes we feel sure that we are not merely soliloquizing.

I want to emphasize this. We cannot know exactly where the prayer leaves off and the answer begins. This is what St. Paul tries to make us understand when he says, "I, yet not I, but Christ who liveth in me." "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." "The Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Whenever we really pray, it is the Spirit of God, or the *spirit* of Christ, who prays in and for us. Otherwise we could not get into touch with God. There is such a thing as the inspiration of the individual. The presence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts is a real thing. We may grieve the Spirit; we may quench the Spirit; we may even, we are warned, blaspheme against the Spirit; but "the Spirit of God dwells in us unless we are reprobates." That is why it is so important to keep our inner temple clean, and a possible habitation for Him.

I don't like to speak of things which are far above my own experience; so I will end by quoting the words of a good and great man — William Law —

the author of the famous *Serious Call.* "This pearl of eternity is a temple of God within thee, the consecrated place of divine worship, where alone thou canst worship God in spirit and in truth. In spirit, because thy spirit is that alone in thee which can unite and cleave unto God and receive the working of the divine Spirit upon thee. In truth, because this adoration in spirit is that truth and reality of which all outward forms and rites are only the figure for a time, but this worship is eternal. Accustom thyself to the holy worship of this inward temple. In the midst of it is the fountain of living water, of which thou mayst drink and live for ever. There the mysteries of thy redemption are celebrated, or rather opened in life and power. There the supper of the Lamb is kept; the bread that came down from heaven, that giveth life to the world, is thy true nourishment; all is done, and known in real experience, in a living sensibility of the work of God on thy soul. There the birth, the life, the suffering, the death, the resurrection, and the ascension of Christ are not merely remembered, but inwardly found and enjoyed as the real states of thy soul, which has followed Christ in the regeneration. When once thou art well grounded in this inward worship, thou wilt have learnt to live unto God above time and place. For every day will be Sunday to thee, and wherever thou goest thou wilt have a priest, a church, and an altar along with thee."

Breadwinning and Soul-Saving

by

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"*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Matthew 11:28

I

Of all the influences that make the men and women of today what they are, for good or for evil, the chief is unquestionably to be found in the nature of the manifold occupations by which they earn their living. And this holds true not only when we are thinking of men and women one by one, but of nations, of societies, of civilizations, of historical epochs in their collective and continuous character. It is as true of modern civilization as of any individual who lives under it, that its character as a high civilization or a low is mainly determined by its *occupation* — that is, by the kind of work which sustains it as a going concern from day to day.

This work, of course, goes on in thousands of more or less specialized forms, from the coalheaver to the artist, from the slaughterman in the stockyards of Chicago to the President of the United States, from the lowest level of unskilled repetition work to the

highest level of delicate, exacting, responsible, and beautiful art. But in spite of its immense variety of specialized forms the work by which a society or a civilization earns its living has still a unitary character. That unitary character has received a name. We call it "industry" of which all the special occupations are integral and more or less necessary parts; and we mark our sense of its unitary character by speaking of "industrial civilization."

This "industry," made up of uncounted thousands of specialized but interrelated activities, is the unitary occupation by which our civilization as a whole "earns its living," sustains itself as a going concern from day to day, just in the same sense that one individual earns his living by killing pigs and another earns his by producing works of art. When we call our civilization "industrial" we mean precisely that. We mean that "industry," mechanized for the most part, as it happens to be, commercialized almost entirely, infinitely complicated and yet forming a unitary system — for we speak of the "industrial *system*" — is the vocation, occupation, employment by which the world of our day has to earn its living as a world, by which the age in which we live has to carry itself on into the future. And as pig-killing is the major influence which makes the pig-killer what he is for good or ill, and art work the major influence which acts in the same way on the artist, so, too, the essential qualities of our civilization, good or evil, will be found to

have a distinct dependence on the essential qualities of the universal "industry" which supports it and carries it on. If that industry is mechanized or commercialized, corresponding qualities may be looked for in the whole life of the age, not excluding its culture and its religion; if, on the other hand, it is animated by the ideal of excellence, the same ideal will extend its influence and leave its stamp on human activity and human character in general.

This, I say, is the major influence. But of course there are many others, and some of them of great importance. The occupations of leisure after our living has been earned have to be considered as well as the occupations of labor by which we earn it. It has been truly said that the acid test of a civilization lies in the use that is made of leisure. But it will always be found that the nature of leisure occupation is very largely determined, both for individuals and for civilizations, by the nature of labor occupation; what they do with themselves when they are "off" duty by what they did with themselves when they were "on"; the way they amuse themselves in the enjoyment of their "living" by the way they exert themselves in earning it; the way they rest by the way they work, for there are many ways of "resting." The pig-killer and the artist do not spend their leisure in the same way, and I will venture to add that the attempt to make the pig-killer spend his leisure as the artist spends his is quite futile; after killing pigs all day he is in no

mood for sitting down to admire a sunset or read the poems of Shelley, but is more likely to "pursue the infinite" by getting drunk, or to knife his neighbor in a brawl. The amusements of New York are not those of ancient Athens, and the amusements of England are widely different from what they were before the Industrial Revolution — in some respects less brutal, in others far sillier. What makes our leisure occupations a good test of our civilization is the reflection they afford of our labor occupations, what men do with themselves at the leisure end of life being all of a piece with what they do at the labor end. There is an unbroken continuity between the two; so that if we find a society which plays the fool at the leisure end we may confidently infer that the "industry" by which it earns its living at the labor end has some quality to account for that foolishness and to correspond with it. A society which plays the man in labor does not play the fool in leisure, nor *vice versa*.

II

Among the influences that form a people for good or evil, in addition to the major influence of their daily work, we come next to education — my central theme. This unquestionably is a potent factor, and yet not so potent as to be able to do its work and achieve its end when the major influences of industry are working against it. If the labor by which a man (or a civilization) earns his living is

of such a nature that it devitalizes his intelligence or demoralizes his character, it will be more than education can do to vitalize the one or to moralize the other. If industry kills, education cannot make alive. The same holds true of religion, and of "culture" in any sense of the term. To produce good results, either in the field of intelligence or in the field of character (though the two fields are not separate), industry and education must work in harmony. Whenever they work as antagonists the fortunes of civilization, material and spiritual (which again are not separate), are in jeopardy. A type of education which seeks merely, no matter with how lofty an aim, to *undo* the effects of industry on the mind and character of a people will ultimately suffer defeat, for the forces of industry are mightier than it; at most it will succeed in unfitting people for their daily work while not fitting them for anything else — a charge often brought against existing methods of education, and not without reason.

Nor will education succeed much better if what it has to offer is only a supplement or "beneficent extra," a new and foreign thing, introduced by way of satisfying a man (or a civilization) who earns his living by an occupation which gives his manhood no satisfaction; for the effect, in that case, will again be to set him against his daily work, thereby reducing his efficiency as an earner of "his living" and so killing the goose that lays the golden egg;

for a man's "living" (or a civilization's) is, after all, his *life,* and unless the "living" be a live reality there is nothing for education to operate upon.

Here we light on a principle of supreme importance to the social thinker, though I rarely see it alluded to. *The real value to a man of the "living" that he earns reflects the real value of the work or vocation by which he earns it.* A "living" that will satisfy his nature as a man cannot be earned by a vocation or work which leaves his nature as a man poverty stricken, stunted, or starved. If his work or vocation is neither personally enjoyable to himself nor socially valuable to his fellows the "living" earned by it will correspond. The amusements of his leisure will then reflect the inanity, the devitalization, the aimlessness, the unskilled monotony of his labor; his sins, as well as his virtues, will be monotonous, to say nothing of the obvious fact that his "living," which is only another name for his *life,* is already considerably consumed in the dull hours or meaningless years devoted to earning it. *Per contra,* the worker who enjoys his work, plowman or pope, gets a good "living" in the actual process of doing that work, and having played the man on that field is less likely than his unfortunate neighbor, described above, to play the fool when he knocks off. We make a mistake in setting up a sharp division between the work which earns our "living" and the "living" that is earned. We are living all the time we are earning, and if we want to live well

or happily must live well or happily *then*. And it is equally true that we are earning all the time we are living — though it be only the devil's wages of boredom and disillusion. Earning and living are not two separate departments or operations in life. They are two names for a continuous process looked at from opposite ends.

In the last remark I have been speaking of the individual worker as he follows his special vocation, whatever it may be, in the vast complex of modern civilization. But our vision of these things must not be limited to individual workers considered one by one. Whatever truth there may be in this way of looking at things when applied to the individual worker we must now apply to industrial civilization as a whole. We must broaden our horizon and broaden it vastly. We must recall the conception with which this article opened, and remind ourselves of what we mean by giving the name "industrial" to the civilization under which we live. We mean that our civilization, considered as a whole, is not merely industrial but industrious, for industrial surely has no meaning unless industrious be part of it. We mean that civilization, considered as a whole, has a summary "business" or vocation, to which its total industry is devoted, and that this "business" or vocation is nothing else than that of earning its living, of keeping itself going as a civilized and civilizing concern from day to day. This universe has no place for civilizations that refuse to

earn their living or become incapable of it; its laws do not permit them to continue. The shores of history are strewn with the wreckage of civilizations which have forgotten this and given themselves up to playing the fool. Breadwinning still remains the fundamental and all-inclusive "employment" of society; the indispensable basis and support of all its other activities; so that, if civilization were ever to pray as a single unit, its first prayer, addressed to the soul of the universe, would always be "give us this day our daily bread."

III

If the reader at this point should charge me with "gross materialism" and remind me that civilization needs food for its soul as well as for its body, I have my answer: *The quality of the spiritual food that mankind gets for its soul is strictly dependent on the way it goes about the business of earning the daily bread that feeds its body.* If the breadwinning part of its business contributes nothing to its spiritual nourishment, the soul of civilization will die of famine, all social reforms, political philosophies, and religious revivals notwithstanding, while the drugs, stimulants, and appetizers made use of to keep it alive will only hasten the process of spiritual decay. I am here pleading for the continuity of things. Breadwinning and soul-saving are not two independent operations — most assuredly not when the soul of a civilization is in question. They form

a single and continuous operation, called material if we look at it from one end, spiritual if we look at it from the other. *A civilization saves its soul by the way it wins its daily bread.* And I have no hesitation in saying that the chief reason why the various soul-saving enterprises now in being are yielding such meager results lies in the general overlooking of this elementary and everlasting truth.

The conception of soul-saving as supplementary to breadwinning, of the spiritual as opposed to the material, and the consequent divorce of the two in practice, have done great damage to our civilization. They have devitalized the spiritual by cutting it off from its root in daily work. They have devitalized the material for the inverse reason — just as a tree becomes devitalized if you cut the branches off when the sap is flowing; the roots beginning to rot, the bark getting covered with fungus and becoming a home for parasites. Once let your soul-saving get separated from your breadwinning and the certain effect will be that the souls saved at the one end will be few in number and liable to relapse, while the bread won at the other will be unwholesome, adulterated, and sometimes poisonous. The quantity of it may be enormous, but the quality of it will be inferior and the use of it will be reckless and stupid. It will run more and more into the form of dainties, luxuries, confectioneries, things that tickle the appetite and minister to the mean game of playing the fool, the spiced and sweetened "candy" of life.

The reader will perceive that the "candy" I am speaking of, like the "bread" to which it stands in contrast, is not confined to the article which commonly bears that name. It is a thing of endless variety and appeals to that endless variety of appetites which are not content with daily bread unless they get it spiced, sugared, and otherwise doctored to meet the wants of a jaded palate and a feeble digestion. Taking the word in that comprehensive way, is there not a real danger that industrial civilization may gradually degenerate into a vast enterprise for the mass production of this "candy," a real danger that "candy" may become our god? Take a walk down one of the shopping streets of a great city and inspect the articles in the shop windows; or, better still, take a glance at the list of industrial securities dealt in on the stock exchange and observe the prices of the "candy" stocks as compared with the others. You will note, for example, that wheat is "down" but cigarettes are "up"; cotton is "down" but artificial silk is "up"; coal, iron, and steel are "down" but cinemas, gramophones, and patent medicines are "up." So at least my London broker tells me. I hear also that the trade in birth-control appliances is doing very well. While this industry flourishes, and needs no subsidies from the government to keep it going, many farmers find themselves unable to meet their creditors and are clamoring for state aid. That also is a sign of the times and it would be interesting

to know what our posterity — if it leaves us any — will think about it.

IV

By these considerations we are reminded once more of a profound but easily forgotten commonplace — the interconnectedness of everything in the world. The work and play of our civilization, its labor and leisure, its breadwinning and soul-saving, the industry which earns its "living" and the "living" which is so earned are interconnected. Each reflects the other and reacts upon it. Each is strengthened by the other's strength and weakened by its weakness, vitalized by its health or devitalized by its diseases, so that whatever virtue or vice is found in the one a corresponding virtue or vice is sure to appear in the other. If civilization plays the fool or the knave at the leisure end of its life, it will inevitably play the fool or the knave to a corresponding extent at the labor end, the "business" end. If "candy" is what it demands for the enjoyment of its leisure, the production of "candy," the "spiritual value" of which is precisely on a level with the consumption of it, will be a chief occupation of its labor. If the road that it travels on week days leads to the bottomless pit, the road that it travels on Sundays will not take it very far in the opposite direction and may even turn out to be the week-day road differently named. If the vocations men follow devitalize or demoralize their humanity,

the schools and colleges that train them for those vocations are only doing the devil's work — a point which some advocates of vocational training seem to have overlooked. *Per contra,* every stroke of good work that enters into the universal breadwinning, every moment devoted there to the pursuit of excellence has its fruit and counterpart in some excellent quality of human life and forms a contribution to saving the soul of civilization. To see our civilization thus, as saving its soul (or otherwise) by the quality of the work which furnishes its daily bread, is to see our civilization " steadily and see it whole."

A type of education based on this vision of *continuity* is, obviously, the outstanding need of our times. Its outlook will be life-long. It will look upon the industry of civilization as the great " continuation school " for intelligence and for character, and its object will be, not merely to fit men and women for the specialized vocations they are to follow, but also to animate the vocations themselves with ideals of excellence appropriate to each. At the risk of seeming fantastic I will venture to say that the final objective of the New Education is the gradual transformation of the industry of the world into the university of the world; in other words, the gradual bringing about of a state of things in which " breadwinning " and " soul-saving " instead of being, as now, disconnected and often opposed operations, shall become a single and continuous operation.

Under such a conception education ceases to be a departmental activity, either in the sense of being limited to a few years of early life or in the sense of being carried on by a special class in the community. It becomes a social enterprise of the first magnitude covering the life of the citizen from birth to death and demanding the mobilization of all the higher forces of society, of the key men of every city, of the "vote and influence" of every citizen. We are concerned here with something greater than vocational education. We are concerned with an enterprise whose final object, fantastic as it may seem at the moment, is to *make vocations educational.*

That the difficulties are enormous needs no saying. But the fate of industrial civilization depends on our having the courage to attack them and the vision that sees beyond them.

The Nursery of Souls

by

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"*The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as a rose.*"
Isaiah 35: 1 (Am. Rev. Version)

The more we learn about the psychology of childhood, the more clearly we see that the processes of education begin much earlier than we used to suppose. The formation of temperament and disposition is more important than the mastery of the multiplication table is, and the earliest period of life — even the first year of it — is the crucial time for the shaping of these deepest elemental roots of human personality. Imagination, wonder, reverence, and awe underlie the child's normal religious attitudes and all these mental traits, again, begin at the very dawn of consciousness. Spiritual culture, if it is to fit the unfolding steps of the natural development of the child, must consequently be pushed far back toward the headwaters of the child's life. It is thus primarily a problem and a task for the *family*, and only secondarily for the school and the church. If the family is found wanting as a nursery of this vital spiritual culture, the failure is bound to in-

volve serious consequences in the shaping of the destiny of the new-born life, while the ultimate effects, as we know only too well, stretch out far beyond the range of the individual life. It is business which deeply concerns the spiritual health and welfare of society and the state as well.

I have no miraculous solution of the problem of the child's religion to propose. There are no Aladdin's lamps for us to rub. There is no magic wand to wave. No mystic spell will come to our help. The family life in America must first of all be saved and restored to its divine functions and then the solution will be within our reach. But if we are going to launch out on schemes of trial marriage, no solution of that central problem in the child's life is ever possible, and if homes are going to be wrecked in divorce courts, once more the solution becomes hopeless.

Religion is such a precious personal possession and its worth is so emphatically *intrinsic* and *inward* that I hesitate to deal at any length with the extrinsic effects of religion upon the fabric and structure of our social life. But it is growing obvious that religion is an essential factor for a stable and, at the same time, progressive civilization. There are ominous signs and warnings that all is not well with our twentieth century society. We have been so busy with external progress that we have neglected the deeper and more hidden factors upon which alone any real progress can be made. Speed in travel

is, no doubt, a great convenience and the quick transmission of freight adds to the general comfort and contributes to the increase of wealth. But even if we could reduce the time of travel and transmission by a hundred per cent, it would not make us better persons, nor would it bring moral stability to our social structure. Our progress in knowledge is one of the marvels of the last half century. But there, again, enlargement of information is quite a different thing from the formation of insight, wisdom, moral health, and rightly fashioned will. The knowledge element is important, but something else is even more important. We are passing through an immensely significant transition epoch in human history. It is impossible to see it in perspective. We are too near to it, too much a part of it, to understand it. But the wise men of the future will have much to say and many books to write about the great crisis through which the people of the twentieth century passed. Of course, the World War will call for its share of attention, but it will not be the main topic as the historical perspective lengthens. It will be a symptom rather than a thing of central interest in itself.

Whether we realize it or not, we are building a new kind of civilization. We have tapped new forces. We have girdled the globe with lines of travel and traffic. We have surpassed the prophecies of Shakespeare's Puck with our magical methods of intercommunication. We send our radio messages

through mountains as easily as over prairies. We fly over wastes of ocean as though we had suddenly got the wings of a cherubim. We can locate the resources of the earth by electrical devices without any of the uncertainty of boring or digging.

However, I believe that none of these things will fill the center of the picture in the long perspective view of it. What the historian will see will be the fact of the *common man's* invasion of rights and privileges that in all previous ages had been kept exclusively for a chosen few. The man with no crest and with no pedigree has started knocking at every door of opportunity and the doors have opened to his challenge. The ancient mysteries of life and death with which science has been busy are now "open secrets." They are no longer kept for the laboratory. They are familiar to the schoolboy and the reader of the newspaper. The more primitive races, too, know how to control life and how to destroy it by methods undreamed of a century ago. The vast multitudes of laborers in all fields of activity are organized and are guided and directed by leaders from among themselves. Literature is no longer produced for the benefit of a rare and scholarly class of readers. It is produced for the rank and file. Naturally, the quality of the output has greatly altered as a result of the immense extension of the clientele. The novel has come to rank as the foremost literature of our age and its influence probably now surpasses that of any other type of literary production.

The theater was once a place of entertainment and culture for the élite of society; now it is the playhouse for the entire city public. The purveyors of entertainment appeal to all social and intellectual levels, and obviously this inclusive widening of ticket buyers has changed the tone and character of the play. Art, too, has captured a new public. Creative genius aims to attract the whole world and no longer a tiny fraction of it. The Sunday supplement and the evening edition, with their comic strips, pay their artists larger sums each year than Michelangelo or Raphael received for the work of a lifetime. Necessarily, the quality is different. The modern picture is not for the holy shrine; it is an ephemeral production for the thousands or the millions to see. The newspaper reveals more clearly than any other modern phenomenon the extraordinary invasion of the people. The newspaper is made not alone for the nice-minded and the pure-minded. It is a composite production for the entire public. Here, everybody is supposed to be "at home." You are surely a strange being if you cannot find some food for your appetite in the extensive pages of a daily newspaper!

All these transformations have given us a new kind of world. It is intricate, complex, involved, tangled, and confused. The methods and the forces which organized and controlled the simpler social order of a century ago are wholly inadequate today. We have increased the size, speed, and tonnage

of the ship, but we have not correspondingly enlarged its rudder or improved the steering facilities of it. The time has come for us to wake up and look straight at the facts. We cannot avoid serious catastrophe unless we deepen the foundations of our social structure. It is top-heavy and not built with a plumb line. By some wiser methods we must find out how to increase the moral and spiritual forces that build good, solid, trustworthy individual lives and that, at the same time, construct and integrate the social organism, which can hardly be expected to be much better than the units that compose it.

The situation calls, I think, for a profound reorganization of all our educational methods and systems from the pre-kindergarten to the university graduate school. We need to shift the point of emphasis from *the supply of information* to the *formation of life and character*. But that new focus in education is not my present subject. I am now concerned with the formative spiritual forces of family life, without which no educational methods or systems will ever be quite adequate. Wherever there has been profound religious life in any nation, race, or people, there has always been behind it a deep and pervasive piety and religious culture in the home. Jewish religion has been born in all periods, not in the synagogue, but in the family center. Puritan faith had its nurture around the family hearth. Quakerism has lived and flourished only where the home was the nursery of its spirit and its ideals.

The child of the seasoned Quaker learns to pray in silence and to practise meditation in the family before joining in these ways of worship in the larger group at the meetinghouse. The first step toward rebuilding our new society is in the direction of the recovery of a truer and more vital spiritual quality in the home.

I need not spend much time proving that the supreme formative factor in a child's life is the family group. It is a well-established truth that the influences which form the atmosphere and spirit that the child unconsciously breathes by day and by night are the deepest forces that shape his destiny. He is a born imitator. The muscular movements of his face and hands instinctively follow the patterns and copies set before him on other faces and in other bodies. His first ideas and his budding ideals have their ground and origin in the thoughts, acts, and suggestions of those nearest to him. Until the day of his death, he will carry within himself an inner psychological climate which the family weather, with its calms and storms, its pressures and its vortexes, its warm currents and its misty clouds, has unconsciously shaped in his plastic mind.

It will, no doubt, be said at once that the recovery of a vital spiritual quality in the home, to which I have just now referred, is a hopeless quest. It cannot be done. The modern Macbeth has not only "murdered sleep," but he has killed all possibility of having time for hush and quiet at home, or time

and patience for the task of initiating into faith and love and joy the little ones who "come trailing clouds of glory, from God who was their home." The complexity of life, we are told, is the pitiless foe of spiritual culture. The automobile is declared to be a vehicle which assists the devil and all his works and which militates against all the fruits of the spirit. Bridge, golf, exercise, play, sport, recreation, dancing, aeroplaning, skiing, mountain climbing, these are the gods of the present hour and they are the stern rivals of all religious attitudes which enjoin sacrifice, unselfish love, and the old-fashioned virtues. Well, I, for one, do not believe that human nature has become vitiated and depraved. I cannot admit that "complexity of life" has altered man's fundamental nature, which is, I still maintain, essentially spiritual. Mechanistic theories of life have most assuredly worked serious harm, and materialistic tendencies have, of course, made religious ideals seem to many less live and gripping verities. But the best leaders of present-day thought are swinging away from mechanistic interpretation, and the growing emphasis on the fact that *spiritual values* are as much a part of the eternal nature of things in our universe as is matter will, in the near future, break the drift of materialism. I see many signs of returning sanity and I am confident that the native hunger of the human soul for God will reassert itself and bring social health and healing.

The waning and decline of religion in any epoch

is usually due to a reaction against crude and inadequate formulations and interpretations of religion. The persons who are saying today that they do not believe in God only mean that they do not believe in the kind of God they have heard preached about. They apparently do believe that there is a rational basis to the universe and that there is a moral and spiritual structure underlying the unfolding processes of history. They may not believe in the creedal statements about Christ, but they feel in their deepest being that he is beautiful and loving enough to satisfy their ideal of what the divine should be. And that is a good point from which to build up a positive, living faith. Even now any book which gives a fresh, powerful interpretation of religion becomes at once a "best seller" and it is significant that eight million copies of the New Testament sold last year. Let the churches stop contentions over dead issues and petty questions and turn all their energies to present-day constructive interpretation of a religion of life, and the fathers and mothers of little children will quickly show a revival of interest in those things which most deeply concern the spiritual culture of their offspring. The widespread loss of interest in religion is mainly due to the general prevailing confusion on the subject. It seems to many persons like a hopeless muddle. It sounds to them like words and jargon. It does not function. It opens no doors of life. It kindles no enthusiasms. It promotes no daring adventures. It

adds no new dimensions to the soul. The critical situation which now prevails in our homes is not due to the perversity of parents nor, primarily, to the complexity of life. It is due in a large measure to the lack of insight, inspiration, leadership, and adventurous faith in those who should be the guides and prophets of religion in the world today. The first turn in the tide will come when the leaders within the church, or perhaps the spiritual prophets outside the fold, wake up to the fact that the homes of America must be nurseries of a sound, healthy moral and religious life if we expect to build a permanent and advancing civilization.

The next question, and the final one for this treatment, must bear on the type of religious life which we want to see cultivated in the homes of our nation. If we were talking about the cultivation of art instead of religion, we should emphasize the importance of the love of beauty in the family circle, a pervasive good taste in the home, and the surrounding presence of beautiful objects, harmonious colors, and a fitting setting for continual unconscious suggestions of loveliness and charm. That would work much more effectively than would the frequent discussion of theories of beauty, or occasional lectures on form, or a well-selected library of books on æsthetics. The same features apply to religious culture. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are not the important matters. Religious attitudes in the child count for much more than do specific be-

liefs. Habits of reverence and of wonder, when once formed, are likely to last through life, whereas ideas and thoughts are, and should be, transitory. They have their day and cease to be. The child ought not to be a little theologian. He ought to be a joyous little child, full of spontaneous enthusiasms and growing loyalties. George MacDonald has beautifully expressed the natural spiritual reactions of a normal child:

"I am a little child and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze into the starry sky
And then I cannot speak.

"For all behind the starry sky
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God."

I do not believe that picture is overdrawn or greatly idealized. None of us believes any more that the new-born child is "totally depraved." He is not "a little brute." He is not a mere bunch of instincts. He has spiritual potentialities and he is quick to respond to the appeal of the divine which is always within reach. Professor Otto of Marburg has been showing that the religious experience is as natural for a child as is hunger or play. He is aware of something beyond himself. He has a mysterious feeling of some higher presence, a consciousness of more than he sees or touches. Sometimes it is a hushed and tremulous state which comes over him. Some-

times it is charged with awe and wonder. Sometimes it is an overbrimming, overbounding emotion. It is what Browning means when he says:

> ". . . The child
> Feels God a moment, ichors o'er the place,
> Plays on and grows to be a man like us."

These overbrimming experiences made primitive man a religious being and they make the little child today natively disposed to religion.

Whether he "ichors o'er the place" and "plays on" like any case-hardened man or opens out his spiritual possibilities like a flower in the sun will depend a good deal on whether he discovers that his family carry that line of higher interests or are cold to them. We are coming more and more to realize that religion attaches to the simple, elemental aspects of our human life. We shall not look for it in a few, rare, exalted, and so-called "sacred," aspects of life, separated from the rest of life and raised to a place apart. Religion to be real and vital must be rooted in life itself and it must express itself through the whole of life. It should therefore begin, where all effective education must begin, in the home, which should be the nursery of spiritual life.

A home penetrated with spiritual culture and spiritual ideals is the highest product of civilization and it in turn ministers all the time toward the creation of a still higher civilization. In fact, there

is nothing of what we mean by civilization where the home is wanting. The savage is on his way out of savagery and barbarity as soon as he can create a home and make family life at all sacred. The real horror of the "slums" in our great cities is that there are no homes there, only human beings crowded indiscriminately into one room. Our present society will be well on its way out of the existing moral chaos as soon as the home is restored and rededicated to its true spiritual functions.

The home is the true unit of society. It determines more than any other one influence, and perhaps more than all influences combined, what the destiny of the boy or girl shall be. It shapes the social life; it makes the church possible; it is the true basis of the state and nation. Men and women each for self, with no holy center of family life, could never compose either a church or a state. The woman who is successful in making a true home and nursery of spiritual culture, where peace and love dwell, and in which the children whom God gives her feel the sacredness and holy meaning of life, has won the best crown there is in this life and she has served the world in a very high degree. Some day perhaps the men, too, will discover that this home base, which is the center of all that is best and most valuable in their lives is not alone a woman's task but deserves from the husband and father the same intelligent and devoted attention that his business ventures receive.

We modern men have the habit of conquering difficulties, of succeeding with great adventures, of daring to try what seems impossible. Has not the time come to apply that spirit and that attitude to other conquests than those of space and matter? The same determination of purpose which has cleared the virgin forests of this continent, made the deserts blossom like the rose, and tapped for daily use the inexhaustible resources of nature, can recover and revitalize the home and make it once more the nursery of souls.

Prayer From the Inside

by

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"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm 51:10

In the discussion of prayer as a fundamental of Christian experience, we have, I think, paid a little too much heed to the utterances of those who have dealt with the problem from the outside. We have had discussions in abundance of the relation of prayer to law, and of prayer to the production of results in the material realm. It is high time for us to take a hint from science itself in its procedure of today in the study of spiritual phenomena, and ask about the problem of prayer, so to speak, from the inside. Why not do as sensible investigators always do in searching for truth as to events in the realm of spirit, and take the testimony of those who are most expert in prayer, those who have the most experience in prayer? There is a wide enough record of experience in prayer to give us adequate data, at least, for some important conclusions.

Looking thus at prayer from the inside, we are struck at the outset by the fact that those who have prayed most have the least to say about answer to prayer as response to petition for material things or events. That men who habitually pray have now and again spoken of specific material answers there can be no doubt, but their speech about such answers has most often been marked by extreme caution. The reason for the caution seems to be that the more a Christian becomes accustomed to prayer, the less he becomes willing to conceive of prayer as a petition for and obtaining of material goods. The more he prays, the more he doubts his own ability to ask aright as to material goods. He does not think of prayer from this angle of approach. There is a tradition that some fifty years ago Thomas H. Huxley threw a group of ministers into quite a panic by suggesting that they pray for a specified material event — the event to be mutually agreed upon beforehand — and that both sides consent to abide by the result; the skeptics about prayer ceasing their objection in case of answer, the ministers ceasing to preach belief in prayer in case of no answer. Personally, I doubt whether Huxley ever made such a proposition, but I have heard the alleged incident referred to as illustrating the panic into which such a suggestion would throw ministers at any time. I mention the tradition to point out that what might seem to be panic on the part of a group of praying Christians at such a suggestion might not

be panic at all, but sheer bewilderment and incredulity at hearing that anyone was proposing such a test for prayer. It would be somewhat as if one who had lived on terms of intimate friendship with another should suddenly be confronted with a demand that he put that friendship to the test by asking some objective proof that a committee of judges could measure and estimate. Those who put friendship to such tests do not know what the term means. It is, on the other hand, the man who has traveled the shortest distance along the path of prayer who is likely to say most about the extraordinary material results of his petitions, or about God as honoring challenges.

Some of the greatest supposed mysteries in the Christian thought of prayer are, when all is said, no more mysterious, viewed from the inside, than some of the common forces of our daily life.

It has always been assumed, for example, that it is strange that we need to pray to the Father in heaven for anything, since He knows beforehand all our needs. The more urgent petitions that Jesus taught his disciples had to do with the higher gifts — the anointing of the inner eyes and the quickening of the soul through the divine Spirit. How can even God Himself give us spiritual blessings unless we desire them? The fine line of the hymn tells us that "prayer is the soul's sincere desire." Now sincerity does not become thoroughgoing until it rises into speech. Instead, therefore, of our con-

fronting a mystery when we imagine why God must be asked for spiritual gifts, we should confront a greater mystery if we were to think of God as sending the inner, finer blessings to men without their so sincerely desiring them as to utter their petitions in speech.

Just as it would be impossible for God to send the blessings of righteousness to men unless men desired those blessings, so it would be impossible for Him to withhold the blessings if men desired them. We repeat that the fundamental feature of prayer, from the inside, is this deep spiritual craving. God could not be the God of Christ and ignore or disregard such cravings on the part of His followers. It is from somewhat the same point of view that we must look at the question raised by the value of intercessory prayer. Many who say they can see fairly well the reason for prayer for one's own spiritual life cannot understand the significance of prayer for the welfare of another. Probably one difficulty is that intercessory prayer seems to call down gifts from heaven upon a man's head without regard to the wishes of that man himself. Such a conception assumes that men are set apart from one another in a rather complete independence, and that the answer to my petition for a blessing upon the head of my brother might wrongfully disregard the independence of that brother. I am not sure that this puts us at the right angle from which to look upon the meaning of intercessory prayer. A better ap-

proach is to realize that men cannot live their lives in separation from their fellows. More and more we are recognizing the closeness of the interdependence of men and the determining force of that something which we call social spirit. All the modern propagandist movements, which in so many cases advocate the wrong causes, are based on the possibility of arousing a wave of public feeling that will sweep everything before it. There can be no doubt that some such movements do carry individuals away from their own independent moorings.

But the successes of propaganda do hint to us that the best way to work upon the wills of some individuals is to create a public sentiment that like a mighty wind blows upon those wills, or which like a gulf stream washes around them. Just as it is not possible for God to send blessings upon an individual unless that individual desires such spiritual gifts, so it seems a commonplace to the praying man that God cannot in the highest degree reinforce the wills of men until all men together are filled with a spirit of desire for the coming of the winds of heaven. This is nothing more than a statement that the social laws which we take as commonplace in our daily human experience work also in the realm of spirit. If we could have genuine intercessory prayer by men for one another, we should soon have increasingly powerful movements of community spirit which would mightily help in bringing the kingdom of God to the hearts of men. Any student

of religious revivals knows that no revival has ever reached its climax as an agency of conversion until a whole community has become so imbued with desire for the transformation of men that a group of believers have uttered their desire in intercessory prayer. From the inside we know that we pray in intercessory speech because we cannot help doing so. By such intercession we instinctively bear witness that we are members one of another.

Of course, it goes without saying that no human understanding can tell why the network of human relationships is woven just as it is. But since we have those relationships, and since they are among the chief features of our daily experience, it seems that they must count with incalculable effectiveness in God's dealing with men. We would not in the least degree minimize the greatness of the prophets who stand out alone against the currents of their time, but even those prophets do not attain their final effectiveness until the content and spirit of their prophecies spread themselves throughout the social current. Even in the realms far removed from the distinctly religious we can see the working of this social principle. As long as God maintains the universe as at present, it would be impossible for Him to send a mathematical genius of the first order as a native of a savage tribe. Even mathematical discoverers avail little until there is widespread interest in their discoveries. So it is not at all out of harmony with the revealed method of God's deal-

ings with men to say that He cannot work through particular men until there is everywhere a community desire that He may thus work; for it is simply out of the question for God to put men into social relationships and then disregard those social relationships in His dealing with them. We may say, then, that intercessory prayer is at bottom socially-minded or brotherly-minded prayer, that God must utilize the force of community spirit in dealing with individuals. It may not be too much to say that such prayer is a reinforcement of the power of God Himself.

The objection to intercessory prayer, that it breaks down the human will, would have force if there were not innumerable instances of the power of social spirit so to quicken the minds of the slower-moving members of the community that those duller intellects are helped to see and to understand and to make a willing surrender to the power playing upon them. Answer to prayer does not break any will down, but it does often release enlightening and stimulating forces that make for a free decision on the part of that will itself. Indeed, socially-minded prayer comes closest to the types of petition set before us in the Scriptures, and especially in the words of Jesus.

To the outsider it often seems a mystery that the man of prayer lays such stress on the habit of prayer as habit. The outsider professes that this seems to him to rob prayer of its spiritual quality. Here again

one on the inside of the praying experience might seem to show considerable confusion at the objection, but that would be because he could hardly see why such a question should be raised. The Christian who has the habit of prayer thinks of the experience as communion — as a meeting of the human spirit with the divine Spirit. We all know the proneness of the most ardent earthly friendships to fade out unless there is enough spatial proximity to keep each of two persons measurably real in the consciousness of the other. Years ago I knew two brothers who grew up together on an Ohio farm. During the years they were together they were as devoted to each other as any two human beings I have ever known. I came across them at far separated points, years after I first knew them. Their interest in each other still persisted but could hardly be called ardent. There was at least nothing suggestive of the early days. What was the trouble? Had either offended the other? Not at all. Not an unpleasant word of any kind had passed between them. The explanation was almost too matter-of-fact to mention. One had moved to the Far West and the other had remained behind. Each had become so busy that it was hard to find time to write letters. That was all there was to it, but that was enough to take the life out of as fine a devotion on the part of brothers to each other as I have ever known. By the way, when families are held together after they have become physically separated, it is usually due to the willingness of

some member of the family, usually a mother or a sister, to write to the other members regularly about once in a determined-upon period. Now such letter writing is mechanical, and partakes of artificial routine, but most of earthly happiness and power is based at last upon some form of routine. If I should move out of the United States to a land in which I could not hear a word of my own language and were to stay there ten or fifteen years, I should find on my return home my command of English badly shrunken unless there had been deliberate exercise in English every day of the absence. I once heard a story from the life of a great German saint. It seems that after his day's work was done this man of prayer would read the Bible for a season and then bow over the book with the words, "I thank thee, O Lord, that we are still on the same good terms." This incident, as I heard it, was told to teach simplicity in prayer — which it no doubt teaches — but it sets forth just as clearly the spiritual result attainable by long-continued daily practice.

The man of prayer tells us that out of prayer comes an ability to meet success and failure, joy and sorrow. He testifies that griefs that would have distracted him if he had not prayed have proved tolerable through prayer, that tasks which at first seemed hopeless were possible through prayer. He ought to know. He has had the experience, and he has done the praying. In these scientific days the danger is that we shall be not too scientific, but too

little scientific in considering prayer. We have not been fully scientific when we have considered the subject in an outside way with emphasis on a lot of general, abstract considerations. Our scientific work is not complete until we have sought the inside testimony of those who live the prayer-life.

The Recovery of Religion as a Personal Experience

by

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"*The just shall live by faith.*" ROMANS 1:17

THE most arresting fact in contemporary Protestantism is the breakdown of religion as a conscious personal experience. The forms and habits of religion remain, but the definite content of personal conviction is being dissolved. Behind the gestures and postures of devotion the sense of reality has become pale and uncertain. The outer side of religion — its institutions, its churches, its philanthropies, its theologies, its ministry, its literature — the outer side is prosperous enough; its inner side is bare and lean. Religion as an enterprise is a vast and successful going concern. Religion as an experience is dangerously near insolvency.

A lengthy recital of the evidence upon which such statements rest is unnecessary. Nor do I attempt to make distinctions. The gross general fact is all that concerns us now. But if evidences are called for, I would name the movement toward ritualism as one indication. The shifting of the emphasis from the

ethical to the æsthetic is another. The vanishing sense of sin, the abandonment of the personal appeal for conversion, the disappearance of family devotion, the decline of prayer as an expression of positive faith, the waning of evangelism — these all register the fact that religion is being drained off from the inner life.

From the point of view of Protestantism such a development cannot be regarded with unconcern. The very genius of Protestantism may be described as the carrying of religion to the inner life, and centering it there. "The just shall live by *faith*" was its supreme text, and for four hundred years under varying concepts and many divergent approaches all sects of Protestantism have had this common purpose: to make religion at home in the personal experience of men. This kind of religion we have called evangelical, as contrasted with Roman Catholicism at one extreme and ethical culture at the other. We have regarded the gospel, the evangel, as the announcement of good news concerning the souls of men, by which they could find peace with God, not through the mediation of the church or any other mediation, but by immediate contact of the soul with God. It is this conscious personal sense of God which is passing from our lives in these days.

Why is it passing from us? What is the explanation of a change so fundamental? There are many angles, of course, from which we may approach such a problem. I wish to suggest that the all-inclusive

reason for this dissolving of religion as an experience of the inner life is the fact that the presuppositions of religion have been dissolved in the outer order of the world. Our inner life cannot maintain itself apart from faith in an outer order with which it is felt to be congenial and integral. The soul does not live in a vacuum. It lives in an environment; and it tends to take on the color and character of its environment. This is not to say that the soul merely reflects the surrounding world, for the surrounding world is what it is chiefly because the soul stamps it with its own character. Soul and world are the two foci of reality; they interact with each other. The soul reads the facts of its world in terms of its own deepest convictions. But if these convictions are to endure in the soul the world must respond to them, encourage them, reinforce them. If there is no response from the outer order, or if there is nothing but a hostile response, the convictions of faith tend to shrivel up and die. Faith can endure much coldness on the part of the environing world; it can maintain itself for a long time on amazingly scant and even dubious responses, but at bottom the faith by which we find inner peace is one with the conviction that the environing world itself is sustained by the same principles as those which sustain the soul.

I use the word "world" in the most comprehensive and general sense. By it I mean either the social order or the cosmic order, or both. And I say that we

cannot keep on always believing in God as the Supreme Fact of personal experience if we have given up believing in a God who performs in the environing world the same creative and sustaining work which we trust Him to do in our own souls. If we lose Him *out there,* we also lose Him *in here.*

Now what has happened to religion as an inner experience is just this: we have lost God from the outer order of the world, and we can no longer trust Him for the inner life of the spirit. Therefore the personal note is passing from contemporary religion, and we are accenting more and more the institutional, the liturgical, the æsthetic, expressions of piety. The things men can do collectively, in worship and in service, are taking the place of those things man can do only in his solitariness.

This breakdown of the divine order in the outer world has been going on for a long time. It is no sudden phenomenon, albeit the great war and the postwar decade have made a terrific contribution to it. Since the middle of the nineteenth century enlightened mankind has been engaged in the vast enterprise of letting go one universe and taking on another. The enterprise was no mere matter of the intellect; it involved the very roots of religious faith. This is what made the process so difficult and so slow. Faith resisted every stage of the process. And why should it not resist? As I have said, faith cannot exist detached from the outer world. It is interwoven with the world; it draws sustenance from the

world — not all its sustenance, but much of it. Destroy the assurance of a certain kind of world, and you damage if you do not destroy faith. So when modern science took away the old cosmology it pulled askew all the threads in the texture of faith. The pattern which faith had woven in the inner life of men was of a piece with the pattern of the outer universe itself. It could not be destroyed *out there* and remain intact *in here*. The task of religion had been a simple one. It assumed without challenge a surely existing God. And the business of evangelical religion was to establish a vital relationship between God and the inner life of men. Men were sinners; but through their faith He would save them. They were saved; but through the enrichment of their faith He would sanctify them. The appeal was to them. There was no doubt about Him. The frontier of faith was at the threshold of each individual soul. But when science took away the universe of creationism and in its place set up a universe of evolution the frontier of faith was pushed out into the wide expanses of the cosmic order. The problem of bringing God into the inner life of individual men was displaced by the problem of making a place for God in the universe outside of man. The possibility of personal religious experience had collapsed with the collapse of the orthodox cosmology. And personal experience of religion could not be recovered until the new world of evolution should give evidence of the presence of God.

Full well we know the story of the search for clues of God in an evolutionary universe. Faith waited breathlessly while the search went on. Gradually certain categories were descried — "immanence," "progress," "purpose," "goal" — and these seemed to be fingerprints and footprints of God in nature. Faith lifted up her head again. Evolution, after all, had not displaced God, but was only the method by which God had made the world and was still making it. Science had come upon God while He was actually engaged in His creative work. Here was a new universe indeed, but a universe that would answer to faith, that could be depended upon to support and nourish faith. So faith began the search for fresh forms of imagery and of language with which to build anew within the soul an active sense of fellowship with God. Texts which men had never seen before leaped out of the pages of the New Testament. "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." "We are workers together with God." A new zest came into religious experience. God was not now a remote Monarch high and lifted up above all toil and care, but the infinite Worker, His hands soiled with the grime of the workshop and the highway, who stands beside each human toiler as comrade and friend. The somberness and pessimism of a religious experience reflecting a static universe was displaced by a religious faith pitched to the highest optimism. Man was in a vast stream of progress. The very character and power

of God guaranteed the outcome. Nothing was too good to be true.

It is inevitable that religion, when once it had found God in the evolutionary process of nature, should look with fresh eyes upon the social order. Man was seen as the climax of creation. And man lived in society. The social order was thus the explanation of the long creative process. Toward it God had all the time been looking. And having produced a human society, God was working with us to better and greaten it in every way. The inequities and pains and maladjustments of the social order thus thrust themselves into the purview of religion. They were no longer secular conditions to be transcended by religion, but actual obstacles in the way of divine progress. God's chief interest now and henceforth must be the salvation not of individuals alone, but of the whole social order. The world itself was seen as the subject of redemption. From the pages of the New Testament there emerged a concept that had to be altogether reinterpreted in the light of this relation of God to the social order of this world. It was the concept of the kingdom of God. This term could no longer refer either to the ecclesiastical organization or to some supermundane sphere, but to this very world of human relationships as the realm which is to come at last under the reign of God.

So faith, having invested both the evolutionary order of nature and the evolutionary order of so-

ciety with the presence of God, had fully surrounded man with a moral universe. Thus assured of response and support by the outer world, faith was already engaged in weaving the fabric of personal religion in the inner life of men. It was to be a long process. The carrying of the pattern of a spiritual order from the outer world to the inner life is a longer and subtler and far more difficult task than that of weaving the moral pattern into the fabric of the outer world. But a nascent evangelicalism reflecting the new world of theistic evolution was already emerging in personal experience, rich with promise for the future.

Then came the Great War.

How shall I describe the effects of the war upon the inner life of the spirit? We have been told, until we are wearied with the tale, of the vast cost of the war in human life and wealth. Ten million lives were its direct victims, and it destroyed three hundred sixty billion dollars' worth of economic values — a sum which equals, almost to a dollar, the absolute total wealth of the United States today.

But who will measure for us the cost of the war in spiritual values? The chief havoc, the most costly destruction, wrought by the war took place in the souls of men. The human mind knows no system by which these losses can be computed. By spiritual havoc I do not mean the physical pain, the sense of bereavement, the broken circles of family and friendship groups, the loss of property. I mean the

destruction of the ethical basis upon which personal religious experience depends for its vitality. The war came upon the outer ramparts of faith, and they fell; and the inner citadel of faith surrendered helplessly. The beginnings of a new evangelical experience in the inner life, under the protecting shadow of a divine purpose in the evolutionary process of nature and society, were blighted and ruined by the obvious collapse of this divine purpose in the social order. Religious experience had been suckling itself at the breast of a world order shot through and through with optimism. History and human society were in their nature inherently progressive and purposive. And faith, supported by an optimistic universe, had begun to create within the souls of men an evangelical experience of fellowship with that God whose character and power guaranteed the outcome of the historic process. But the war revealed the stark unreality of this outer world of faith. It mocked all our idealisms. It withered our easy optimism. It showed the hypocrisy of what we had been pleased to call the "moral order." Human society was not divine. Progress was an illusion. Man was still a barbarian; this war, we said, registered his definite abandonment of all pretense as he lapsed again into his native jungle.

Well do I remember hearing from the lips of a brilliant young editor in 1916 just such a confession of what the war had done to his mind. Brought up in an orthodox Christian home, he had passed

through the disturbances wrought by his college course and had come out at a place where he could see in the social order the coming kingdom of God. With this faith his heart was beginning to find peace again. Religion was returning as an inner possession. But the war, he said, has destroyed it all. "I have come to the conclusion that progress itself is an illusion; that we only seem to progress. Mankind," he continued, "goes in cycles of apparent progress, reaching a certain level of civilization, when lo! something happens, and back we go to the jungle. These cycles repeat themselves throughout history, and will repeat themselves. This war marks the end of such a cycle. When the war is done, mankind will bestir itself to recover its lost ground. You preachers of religion and teachers of morality will stand on the side lines and exhort and applaud in the name of God. But I shall not stand with you. I shall not be deceived again. I see clear through the illusion and the unreality of it all."

How much of this young man's mood of disillusionment possessed us all, and still possesses us! If we retrace our moral experience from 1914 to the present hour, we shall see how ruthlessly the forces in control of the outer world have dealt with our most precious inner possessions. After the first shock of dismay at the discovery that a world-wide war was possible in such a world as we had conceived this to be, our discouraged hearts were rallied to fresh hope and faith by Woodrow Wilson's ideal-

istic interpretation of the war. About to enter upon the conflict, America required some commanding moral appeal to quicken her devotion and release her vast energies. This Mr. Wilson gave us. It was, he said, a war to end war. It was a war to make the world safe for democracy. It was a war to crush Prussianism. It was a war to bring in a new order of social justice. Under the spell of such idealism America's emotion swiftly passed from the trough of moral despair to the peak of moral consecration. In human history there was never a more vast and profound mobilization of the moral energies of a people in an unselfish moral enterprise than that which America exhibited in the nineteen months of her relation to the war as a belligerent. This mood of consecration reached its climax at the Armistice when in an ecstasy of joy we were told by our President that all we fought for had been won.

Since that high hour our emotions have passed through a series of disillusionments so poignant that it is even painful to refer to them. First we discovered that we had lost the war. We lost the war that *we* were fighting. We had no cause against the German people. Our military conflict with German arms was only an incident in the moral warfare we were waging. Victory for us could be spelled only in the terms of the great moral aims which had been put before us. We awoke to find that not a single war aim had been realized or was on the way to realization as the result of our consecration. The war was

seen to be wholly irrelevant as a means of putting an end to war. The world was no more safe for democracy than before, but more dangerous. The demon of Prussianism, exorcised from the body of Prussia, found other bodies in which to dwell. And as for the promised new order of social justice, men's minds are still so numb with moral skepticism that they would hardly accept the millennium if it were offered to them on a cosmic platter. Steadily the truth is driving itself home to our hearts that America lost the war.

And we also lost the peace. Upon this I must not dwell, except to point to the chasm which exists between Mr. Wilson's fourteen points on which the peace was promised and the treaty of Versailles upon which it was actually based.

But even more devastating in its effects upon our idealism has been the discovery that, after all, America went into the war under a most grave misapprehension of its causes, and that in truth it was not America's war at all. How far removed is the picture of war guilt which our most trusted historians are drawing for us today from the simple propaganda under which our hearts were inflamed to take up arms against an enemy we then called "the Hun."

I am unable to find words to describe the moral tragedy here revealed. We not only lost the war, but if we had known the truth we would not have entered the war! All our lofty moral aims turned and

mocked us. Here is the most stupendous event in human history, engaging the most intense loyalties of millions and millions of men in all the nations of civilized mankind, demanding and receiving their last full measure of devotion, and the whole event is not only shot through with falsehoods but is based upon a gigantic lie. Is there any language in which one can describe the effects of such an event upon the inner life of men? Is it any wonder we are cynics or pessimists? Is it any wonder our press flaunts without shame its scorn of most reforms which rest upon idealistic presuppositions? Is it any wonder our youth have little inclination to reverence? Is it any wonder that religion as a personal experience is out of style? Is it any wonder that we have bestowed upon H. L. Mencken the urim and thummim, making him the high priest of our disillusioned age? Who better than he interprets the swagger and the nonchalance of a people in whose hearts the idealism of the spirit has been burned to a cold cinder?

Is it any wonder, too, that the church is confused and troubled? That her ministers are perplexed and beset with doubts? Their own lips have tasted the bitterness of the prevailing cynicism. Its acid has eaten into the great words of piety and personal faith. The clergy cannot use the language of religion as once they did. Their work seems hollow and unreal, just as the church itself seems hollow and unreal.

Yet nothing but the recovery of religion as a personal experience will satisfy the Protestant spirit. For us, religion is as good as dead if it has no central dwelling place in the inner life. Protestantism is evangelical. And the genius of evangelicalism is that it is personal. The heart will have gone out of religion unless religion can reëstablish itself in the heart. How, then, shall we go about reëstablishing religion in the heart? How shall we renew the evangelical experience? There are two answers.

One voice tells us that we can rebuild religion as a personal experience only by disregarding the social order, escaping the secular world, and establishing anew a religious experience which is in no sense dependent upon the outer world of social morality, but upon a transcendental world which exists no matter what happens to the world of time and space. This voice speaks to us in American Fundamentalism, in the German Crisis Theology, and in certain forms of mysticism. The language varies but the voice is the same. It is the voice of despair, so far as this world is concerned. These movements all proceed on a plane of superreality. The superworld of Fundamentalism is created by a literalistic interweaving of texts of Scripture. Karl Barth and his Crisis school create their superworld by philosophical speculation. Mysticism withdraws the intellect from the scene and gives free play to emotional fancies. But they all agree in that they divorce religion from secular morality, and seek the satisfac-

tions of faith in something transcendental. The materials out of which their superworld is created answer to no concrete realities with which life is naturally associated. The social order may go its own way — to the good or to the bad — but what happens out there need not disturb the calm and peace of the soul that has found refuge in this harbor of the eternal. Not all those who propose this way of escape would agree with the prominent Fundamentalist who declared, "The worse the world gets, the better I feel," but his extreme candor would hardly shock the Barthian disciples and the mystics as it shocks the rest of us.

Those of us who believe that religion must be ethical cannot purchase an inner religious experience at such a cost. Whatever religion we are able to have for ourselves must, we feel, be integral to the moral order of the actual world in which we live. For us religion cannot exist in a vacuum. To our minds a mere perpendicular relation with God is impossible. Only a horizontal relationship, which finds Him in the concrete world in which we live, is possible. If we are unable to find Him there, our religious experience languishes. And if we would rebuild religious experience in the inner life, there is only one method open to us: that is for faith to make a fresh invasion of the outer world in an attempt to reconstruct there a bulwark of assurance to support the faith of the inner life. Religion is no drama of the imagination. It is no game. It is real.

Its stuff is the materials of this actual world. Unless we can envisage this temporal order as in some true sense the kingdom of God, a realm in which His will either is actually done, or may with our help be actually done, cynicism and pessimism will fill our hearts.

This brings us to what I regard as the crisis in contemporary Christianity. We cannot revive the gospel in the individual souls of those who have lost it, nor yet can we hope to preserve it in the souls of those who still cling to it, unless we can demonstrate that this same gospel is congenial to the social order itself. My thesis is written on the obverse side of the shield of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy says: We cannot have a Christian social order without the Christian man. I say: We cannot have the Christian man without a Christian social order. I do not set these two theses over against each other as mutually exclusive. I do not deny the thesis of evangelical orthodoxy. On the contrary, I gladly affirm it. But I do deny its truth when it is taken by itself. The Christian man and the Christian society develop together. They are mutually dependent. They are the two foci upon which the grand ellipse of religion is constructed. But there are moments in history when it is required that one and not the other of these should receive primary attention. We are now at a religious crisis which requires that, if religion is to be rehabilitated, the social order shall be shown to be capable of responding to the

same idealism which Christianity would apply to the individual soul.

It is in the interest of personal religious experience, therefore, that we emphasize the social gospel. We do not at all apprehend the social gospel if we regard it as an appendage of Christianity, an afterthought, something which we can preach if we like, or if we have any time left from our labor of saving souls. The most important service to "souls" right now is the evangelization of the social order itself. Modern minds have reached a place where they cannot receive as true a gospel for the inner life that is confessedly inapplicable and futile in the general order of society. Idealism cannot dwell in the heart if it is repudiated in the outer world. The appeal for faith in the inner life leaves us cold if it carries no assurance that business and politics and industry and international relations and race contacts and all social institutions may be made to yield to the sway of Christ. Without that assurance, that presupposition, men have no capacity for moral conviction and sincere spiritual insight.

The frontier of Christianity is, therefore, not now at the threshold of the individual soul, but at the threshold of factories, of counting houses, of cabinet rooms, of legislative halls, of political party conventions, of the League of Nations — at the threshold of every social agency or institution entrusted with the well-being of any portion of mankind.

Can society be made Christian? Is Christianity

the kind of gospel to which the very structural arrangements of the social order can be made to conform? We cannot make Christian men any more until we have made a beginning of answering that question.

This is an enormously complex undertaking. It calls for a radically different attitude on the part of church people from that which our traditional religion has cultivated. Our churchly mind must become accustomed to the consideration of social themes in the pulpit. These themes must come to be felt as no extraneous matter, but as belonging to the essential substance of religion. And our clergy must learn how to make these themes *feel* religious. The problem is infinitely delicate. The catholicity of the church must not be violated by narrow partisanism in the pulpit. Yet it were far better that the church should suffer some defections from its membership than for the pulpit to continue silent or futile on the great social issues of our time.

But the social gospel of Jesus will not come to grips with the pagan order of modern society merely as a result of preaching. There must be some actual laboratory experimentation on a genuine social scale. This demands a much more flexible church. Our denominational churches cannot be an adequate medium for the social gospel. When once Christ's conception of the kingdom of God is taken seriously it will work a revolution in church organization. As I see it, the social gospel will continue

to be an ideal suspended in midair until it has found an adequate body through which it can function with power and vitality in direct contact with social problems. Gradually, therefore, the allegiance of the churches to an overhead denominational order must be displaced by an allegiance to the concrete community in which the church lives. I use the word community in both its local and its wider social sense. It is far more important that the church shall express its own community idealism than that it shall express the theology or the vested interests or the pride of some organized sectarian tradition. The kingdom waits upon some such vital integration of religion with the life of the community, upon the gearing in of organized religion into the organized processes of secular life in a way that will make the idealism of the church the most constructive factor in the constitution and function of the social order.

At the altar of such a church there will surely be kindled in men's hearts a positive experience of religion. What forms it will take, who of us can now say? What language it will speak, who may guess? Will men again talk of their inner experience in the terms of conversion, of the new birth, of prayer, of conviction of sin, of repentance, of duty, of salvation, of grace, of holiness, of Providence, of blessedness? Will these categories with which our fathers were vitally familiar, and which many of us can recall with wistful memory as rich with life's deepest meanings before we came under the spell of

scientific or social disillusionment — will these dear old evangelical words reëmerge in the vocabulary of those who live to share in the triumphs of the social gospel? I am by no means sure that we have done with the realities for which those categories stood. I am not sure that our culture or our sophistication have carried us beyond the need of an experience to which those categories apply. Indeed, I cannot help the feeling that when Christ has been made King in the social order of mankind he will return again to the inner life of man bearing gifts of grace and power which his disciples have never yet been able to receive, and which have been withheld from even the best of his saints.

Religion and Hope

by

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"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

II Peter 3: 3–4

When the naïve hopes of the early church in the second coming of Christ were disappointed and when the "first fine careless rapture" had spent itself, adjustments in the thought of the church became necessary and inevitable. The scoffers who cried, "Where is the promise of his coming?" had to be put to rout. The second Petrine epistle is an effort to preserve religious vitality by qualifying the faith of the church with the virtue of patience. The experience of the church which prompted this attempt is perennial in the life of religion and in the history of every moral enterprise. The original protagonists of a spiritual ideal always labor under the illusion of its imminent success. Whether because spiritual forces are so powerful in their own lives that they reveal no clue of their comparative im-

potence in history or because the heroes are too busy with their tasks to study the disappointing defeats of history, every great cause is initiated with a naïve assurance of its victory. Even where the Christ is crucified his baffled disciples quickly snatch victory out of defeat by dreams of his glorious return. But inevitably the stubborn forces of history which frustrate every sublime adventure reveal themselves and, when hope is deferred, it is not easy to "maintain the spiritual glow." To a certain extent moral adventure has been the peculiar joy of simple people who knew too little of history to realize the seeming futility of their efforts. Those who are worldly-wise are not easily beguiled by hopes of victory. They are inclined to sit back scoffing and saying, "Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

As the knowledge of history increases it is particularly easy to drift into the seat of the scornful. History is a sad and disillusioning story and encourages no roseate dreams. If it records progress, it also presents a dismal record of disappointed hopes. The milk and honey of its promised lands never quite materialize. Battles, once won, are lost again; and the failure of any social experiment is no guarantee against its repeated and costly trial. New inhumanities are substituted for discarded cruelties; slavery and oppression, abolished in one area of life, are restored in another. The feudal serf has

been freed but the plight of the modern wage slave is in some respects more grievous. Democracy has supplanted tyranny but it has not emancipated us from the tyranny of the mob. Even such social virtues as it developed have not been secure against new experiments in autocracy. Our age has discovered the child but our industrial machinery is ruthless with old age. We have given women their rights but run the danger of destroying the family in that emancipation. We think we are about to abolish war but there are some indications that we are merely fashioning the forms for intercontinental conflict. The facts of history are complex and varied and can be made to justify almost any hypothesis which is held with sufficient stubbornness. Optimists, therefore, draw their own conclusions; but our age is disillusioned and pessimistic on the whole. Such optimism as prevails does not inspire confidence. In so far as religious leaders are optimistic they seem to derive their optimism not from profound religious convictions but from the illusions of a generation obsessed with its material comforts. This is particularly true in America where the prosperity of the nation easily obscures the basic defects of our civilization. Our optimists are obviously basing their hopes on too many illusions and those who have no illusions seem to have no hopes. Those who are ethically most sensitive are most inclined to pessimism. This fact presents the religious and moral life of our day with one of its most

serious problems. A superficial optimism does not encourage a high moral energy, for optimism obscures the limitations of our life with which our conscience ought to wrestle. But the pessimism of sensitive souls is equally enervating, for men will not long give themselves vigorously to enterprises which seem futile.

Here is a problem with which only a vital religious faith can deal. It is a primary social function of religion to establish a sound basis for moral action by defeating both optimism and pessimism. A truly moral religion is bound to destroy an easy optimism by so sensitizing the soul that it will find no peace amid the brutalities of history. No one who takes Jesus' vision of the Kingdom of God seriously can be optimistic about our present civilization. While the task of destroying illusions by a wholesome moral realism is difficult enough, it is even more difficult to save sensitive souls from despair. Much of the cynicism of our day is frustrated and defeated idealism. Moral idealism without the support of religious faith inevitably faces that destiny.

The resources of religion in dealing with the pessimism of sensitive souls are suggested by the author of the second Petrine epistle. He tries to confound the scoffers with two arguments. The first is the assurance that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." There are some scoffers who will not be reached by this argument. They survey the short three score

years and ten which are allotted to man and wonder what comfort he can glean from the assurance that under the divine perspective a thousand years are as a day. Nevertheless, the insistence that we ought to take this long view is justified not only by the imagination of religion but by the facts of modern science. A study of the evolutionary process justifies the conclusion that progress is not altogether illusory and that a sense of despair in regard to human history is frequently due to our inability to view it in its true proportions. Man's adventure has been but a brief moment compared to the eons which preceded his advent upon this globe. Geologists speak in terms of eras of not a thousand but a million years, and they give scientific prestige to perspectives of true religion. There may be no emotional satisfaction in the contemplation of geologic ages. That is precisely the function of religion: to emotionalize an attitude which science justifies. True worship literally emancipates the soul from a too intimate dependence upon the calendar. All true mystics have borne witness to the fact that the union of the soul with God lifts it out of time into eternity. Their experience may frequently lead to illusion; yet it is the true function of religious experience to lift brief man into a realm of experience and life where days and years do not count and where some glimpse is caught of the vast world-purpose which works patiently through the ages. This is the revelation of the Lord who has been

"our dwelling place in all generations" and who "from everlasting to everlasting" is our God. It is at once the tragedy and the beauty of man's life that he must work at tasks which are never finished in his lifetime and which even a century of effort cannot complete. If man, the creature of mortality, is to find joy in tasks which require an infinitude for their completion, he must have at least moments in which he can catch a glimpse of the promised land which he may never enter and experiences in which a cosmic and divine tempo is substituted for the proportions to which his few brief years are adjusted. A very modern poet, Humbert Wolfe, expresses the conviction which is basic for a wholesome moral life in the words:

"The feathers in a fan
Are not so frail as man;
The green embossed leaf
Than man is no more brief,
His life is not so loud
As the passing of a cloud;
His death is quieter
Than harebells when they stir.

"Yet man, being frail,
Doth on himself prevail
And with a single thought
Can put the world to nought.
Though being brief he still
Bends to his fleeting will
All time; and makes of it
The shadow of his wit.

"Cold, void, yet the grim
World is hot with him;
And space is but the span
Of the long love of man."

The other argument used by the author of the Petrine epistle to confound the scoffers seems to have little meaning to a modern man. He predicts the sudden ending of this mundane experiment and the emergence out of this catastrophe of a "new heaven and a new earth." The naïve millennial hopes of the early Christians, and of some contemporary ones, mean nothing in their literal form to a modern. When hopes of a second coming of Christ were disappointed it was natural that they should be saved by being deferred. The church has been doing that through all the ages. Taken literally, this device carries no conviction; but psychologically, millennialism carries a measure of truth. It is a method for expressing pessimism and optimism in the same breath, for saying that man does not deserve anything better than catastrophe, but that the catastrophe in which his sins involve him will become the basis for a new adventure of divine grace. It is precisely this assurance which history justifies and a sensitive faith encourages. Man seems never quite adequate to the moral tasks which confront him. He seems particularly inadequate at the present moment when he tries vainly to give moral content and spiritual direction to the powerful machine civilization which he has constructed. It is quite

possible that his efforts will lead to disaster. But the disaster is never as complete as it seems from the perspective of a decade or a century. There is a divine, or, if you will, a cosmic, logic which overrules the errors of man. The divine purpose which works in history is never fully triumphant in a given situation; and it is vain to hope that it will recoup its defeats by a single miraculous intervention in the affairs of man. Yet a detailed analysis of each situation in which the ideal is defeated does not tell the whole story of the adventure of the ideal in history. True religion is a "sense of the whole" and from that sense there comes an appreciation of the redemptive forces and the redemptive will which slowly but surely turns defeat into victory and makes the "wrath of man to praise him." Sometimes, as in Tennyson, this ultimate hope is expressed vaguely and rather desperately:

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

When dealing with the complexities of history, where immediate facts seem to discourage hope, it may be inevitable that man's final hope should be expressed in a rather vague, and sometimes in a desperate, form. But all that escapes exact definition is not illusion. It is the business of religion to express the assurance of that in reality which escapes exact categories but is nevertheless real. The

ground for man's ultimate hope is that type of reality.

One of the most thoughtful of modern scientists, Alfred Whitehead, points to the resource of religion in supporting man's hopes in these memorable words: "Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal and the hopeless quest."

Only those who catch this vision of religion can be saved from the despair in which unfortunately the most sensitive and morally most creative souls are involved. Faith is literally the victory by which men overcome the world.

The Supreme Task of This Age

by

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"*For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places.*" Matthew 24:7

I believe that the retention or surrender of the war system will be the crucial test of the existing form of civilization in the present age, and will prove to be the pivot upon which the entire destiny of the human race will decisively turn.

Furthermore, I believe that this issue will present itself with dramatic suddenness. It cannot be trusted to that evolutionary process which we comfortably suppose deals slowly but surely with great questions. It is hard to resist the conviction that we are even now on the point of crisis.

When we are confronted with a vast and complicated problem, age-long in its continuance, world-wide in its sweep, and of infinite complexity, it is natural to imagine that centuries will be required for its gradual solution. It is an idea that relieves us of a great deal of responsibility. Some day, perhaps, a better order will come; meanwhile

we must be satisfied to receive very small installments, and must take the world as we find it.

But human history as we tell it is the record of the intense moments into which long processes are compressed. So far as issues are ever sown, the story is always of dramatic dénouements and of fierce conflicts. It is a delusion to suppose that the wise or right cause slowly wins its way until at length the new day dawns in calm and effortless splendor. The last phase is always a death-grapple in the darkness betwixt "old systems and the Word." The final victory is always at heavy cost.

We have scarcely begun to get rid of the idea that peace is a negative condition of things. When we are not fighting we are supposed to be at peace. Only keep from fighting and we shall never break the peace. To most people it is an absurdity to speak of "making peace" when no war is raging.

Since 1918 there has been little effort to make peace, though a considerable amount to prevent the outbreak of war. Consider the financial sacrifice still made to maintain and even to enhance the existing war system and compare it with that made to overthrow the system itself. The only practical effort made in the latter direction which is reflected in our national budgets is in relation to the League of Nations. To that no nation has dreamed of contributing the cost of a single battleship.

For the rest, there have been innumerable conferences and agreements, but none have been di-

rected against the war system as such. That remains sacrosanct though it is recognized that the use of it threatens the very existence of our civilization.

Our ideas of preventing war are still almost identical with preparations for war. We look with more than friendly eyes upon every improvement in military or naval efficiency, provided only that they are our own. Yet we ought to know that they inevitably stimulate counter-movements in other countries.

Public opinion in every country would cheerfully agree to the doubling of defenses were it not restrained by the hard facts of taxation. There is no considerable nation which is not spending much more upon war today than in 1913. The only exception is Germany, which was compulsorily disarmed and for the moment makes a virtue of necessity. Even America, whose proud boast it was that she was differentiated from militaristic Europe, shows now a strong disposition to be second to none in preparedness. Always, of course, with a professed allegiance to the ideal of peace.

There is, therefore, no encouragement for the idea that the war system will automatically relax its grasp upon the vitals of the human race. On the contrary, its grip is infinitely more costly and more deadly than ever before. That we consent to this state of things is no mitigation of its portentousness. My only contention just now is that this strangle hold will not be relaxed by a kind of evolutionary

process. Our own hands must tear it loose. To do that is the supreme task of the age. The old system, instead of dying of paralysis, is actually attaining the climax of its power.

The last phase of reform, as I have said, is always conflict. There is something in the world of today which shows signs of stripping in order to wrestle with the thing. At present its strength is unknown, for it has not yet come down to the dust and sweat of the arena. And nothing but conflict can settle the issue.

The swift ascendency of the peace ideal is startling enough, all things being considered. In little more than ten years it has reached an attitude dreamed of for ages but never before attained. I pass over the intermediate stages to concentrate upon the most picturesque and climacteric achievement.

In this very year it would seem to be certain that all the nations of the world will solemnly renounce the use of war "as an instrument of policy." They are now quick-stepping on their way to sign this amazing Pact. All nations are going to abolish war by a sacred covenant.

It is not possible to imagine a more dramatic and decisive way by which a universal scourge could be effectively dealt with. To the eye of faith throughout the centuries such a climax has seemed like the "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." The staggering thing is that it has

happened with dramatic suddenness, and at the very moment when the war-institutions of the world are at the apex of their formidable power.

Consider the antithesis. Every nation so pledged that unless one or more should commit the most shocking act of treachery war cannot happen again. Yet every nation is, more than ever before in history, a veritable arsenal of death-dealing destructiveness boding doom to our entire civilization and showing no disposition as yet to make the least real change in its armed opposition to its neighbors. The historians of the future will ponder over that with knotted brows!

Imagine any other great human question reaching so dramatic a consummation. Supposing that all the nations of the world pledged themselves in this way to the removal of tariff barriers. There would be an immediate flutter among the custom houses all round the globe. Commerce and industry would orientate themselves anew. Who would be so unbelieving as to doubt that a new era had actually dawned?

But nowhere are the world's joy-bells ringing, nowhere are the great "Te Deums" being unitedly sung, nowhere has there been any demonstration compatible with that of Armistice Day which ended the agony of the Great War, nowhere is there the slightest flutter in the military and naval departments of the world.

Imagine writing of this as an historian fifty years

hence! I would venture the prediction that every scribe will select this moment as the interpretative point. There are many who, in face of the brutal facts of the situation, regard the Peace Pact with cynical contempt. They consider it to be an airy gesture of no permanent significance.

I cannot share that view. I believe it represents the most remarkable consensus of opinion that the human race has ever arrived at since the world began. I can think of no other question upon which such unanimity could have been reached. Granted that every nation, and perhaps every individual, has a mental reservation or two, or can imagine some circumstances in which the Pact may or must be broken; yet if this age can say any one thing in unison it is this, that war is a blunder and a crime and as such should be outlawed.

That is an opinion that will never be reversed. More wars might temporarily submerge it under waves of passion, but would only strengthen it in the end. The game is really up with a system which has so utterly forfeited the faith of mankind.

But meanwhile what is to be done? Two irreconcilable conditions, each the outcome of a process, remain upon the field; war is everywhere renounced — war is everywhere at its maximum of readiness and potential destructiveness. An old system and "the Word" are to grapple in the darkness, and destiny awaits the issue.

It is obvious that if "the Word" is to prevail,

disarmament must come to pass. The common attitude of mind, certainly the official attitude, is that, for fear lest "the Word" should fail, armaments must be maintained, which actually means increased. In that case the Pact is worse than valueless.

Then, say some, let armaments remain, and trust to the growth of good will among the nations. But that is to ask rather much of good will. It is to ask it to function under a suspended sentence of death. It has always been difficult to feel well disposed toward those who threatened your life. With undoubted security for itself a nation may be tolerant toward its neighbors; with equality of striking power, there may be wary politeness, but with self-confessed inferiority, to expect good will is to expect too much. There never have been conditions other than these, and as a consequence there never has been international good will. The Peace Pact will not obviate the human inevitability of such a situation.

Then let there be renewed disarmament conferences, regional pacts, pro-rata scaling down of ships and troops, the establishment of parity between some nations if not between all.

So far as there is sincere faith this is the direction in which it points. But it points across ten years of ineffective hope. No serious disarmament conference has yet been held. No regional pact has achieved finality. They begin in an atmosphere of

denial; for if the Covenant of the League is really binding they are not necessary, while under the Kellogg Pact they are still less so. Language can surely go no further than in solemnly renouncing the use of war. If the Locarno Pact means what it says, why the disproportionate strength on opposite sides of the Rhine? Who does not know that the Washington Agreement ends in 1931 and the new American naval program is timed merely until that date? Has the 5.5.3 ratio really improved relations between Great Britain and the United States? Is not the pursuit of "parity" as elusive as the pursuit of the rainbow? Like Mrs. 'Arris, "there ain't no sich person." Strategy may accomplish an equal ratio of ships or battalions, but the world would need to be remade before geography, density of population, financial strength, and a thousand other things would fit into the scheme.

What shall we do with our armaments? They are the rub of our problem. They are supposed to defend us against war, but they are its main cause. Intended to prevent it, they make it an enveloping peril. We have only the bare word of nations that they will not unloose them, and not one of them is free from suspicion. In the eyes of their neighbors each is like a man who holds a lighted match near a powder magazine with an appearance of trying to read by its light the Kellogg Pact.

There seems only one way out. Armaments cannot be dissolved into thin air. No nation is going to

lead the way in reckless dismemberment, regardless of its neighbors; while face to face with its neighbors the most it will do is to sacrifice *quid pro quo*. We shall have to keep our armaments yet awhile.

But there seems no escape from the conclusion that if we have really renounced the use of war, then our armaments are no longer our private concerns. They have only one legitimate function and that is to preserve the peace of the world. Of that wider peace, that of our own land is only a department. Therefore the nation with the greatest armaments gives the greatest hostage for the peace of the world. Could we trust one another's sincerity, we might even thank the most heavily armed nations for their excessive contributions to the common cause. Such a remark would cause a ripple of amusement in the world's army and navy departments, but unless nations admittedly are merged up to the eyebrows in deceit the logic of the situation compels this attitude.

Henceforth no nation may wage war without perjury. Armaments must become their guaranties of good faith, the expression of their will to preserve the peace.

If we may not change our armaments, may we not change the mentality of those who control them? Or if we cannot change their mentality, let us remember the advice of Admiral Fisher in a crisis — "Sack the lot!"

At least we must change the mentality of the

masses of people who finally control even their war lords.

But let us see how this changed attitude might work itself out in practice. To begin with, why should there be naval rivalry between Great Britain and the United States?

This is already threatening to assume a very real shape. More than we in Britain would care to confess, the sheer inevitability of the situation camouflages our rational resentment at a challenge we cannot in wisdom take up. Not only is the United States richer than we, but her geographical solidarity gives her a tremendous strategic advantage over ourselves. As with Germany before the war, the emergence of a new naval power untrammeled by the encumbrance of semi or entirely obsolete units and free to exploit only the most up-to-date improvements, opens a distressing chapter for the proud "Mistress of the Seas." Only our traditional and very real friendship for America obscures the issue for the moment. Were we in the habit of thinking of her as we were accustomed to think of Germany, the mentality of 1913 would have been mild compared with that of the present moment.

Even now it is no use fooling ourselves on either side of the Atlantic over the natural trend of things. If armaments are thought of in terms of offense, history will but repeat itself. Great Britain will be driven to Continental alliances, in despite of tradi-

tion, language, and all the rest, as a counter-check to the fear begotten by a race which originally sprang from her own loins. To such horrors does the war system drive decent peoples!

But if nations are really renouncing the use of war or the threat of war, as an instrument of policy, then armaments can only be legitimately regarded as sections of the world's police force, mobilized for the maintenance of peace. On such a basis agreement could be reached. Let there be no talk of "aiming at each other's hearts" or of "drawing Shylock's teeth" — foolish words are wider in their radius than poison gas — let us steadily consider our navies as guarantors of our pledged word to renounce war. If that be so, then America's recent cruiser bill provides for her more effective guardianship of the peace of the world. In the ordinary course of things the desire of nations would not then be to contribute more than their share, but no more than was required in strict equity.

It may be rather humiliating to be forced to concede, in our sophisticated age, that the future of mankind depends upon the ability of nations to abide by their plighted word, but there is no escape from the confession.

We cannot rapidly change our institutions, especially such as our war institutions, the most deeply imbedded, highly developed, richly subsidized, and self-propagating in all our corporate life. Public opinion must so far outgrow them as to ren-

der them anachronistic. In this case it is precisely what is happening.

If public opinion in Britain and America is steadily resolved to renounce the use of war, there need be no naval rivalry. The Atlantic should be the safest of all waterways, flanked on either side by strong coöperating navies. This will depend not so much upon the ratio adopted in the building of ships as upon the national sentiment which inspires the rank and file of two kindred peoples.

When Britain and America became allies in the prosecution of the Great War an increase of armaments on either side was hailed as a token of friendliness. Need it be otherwise in the prosecution of the Great Peace? Such an idea may not be in the mind of "big navy" groups on either side of the ocean, but it ought to be in the minds of all decent people who respect the covenants into which their governments enter. It seems to be the only course open to us at the moment.

The solution of the disarmament problem lies in the direction of regarding armaments as mandatory powers assumed because existing, or definitely conferred by a world authority for the maintenance of world peace. At present they are top-heavy, far more provocative than pacificatory, inviting war much more than restraining it. The weight of them in peace time is beyond all comparison our heaviest social burden, and in war time they can scarcely be protective any more, while the use of them drains

our own veins of our best blood and treasure. Financial ruin stalks behind the guns.

The time must come when no nation will endure their crushing weight, and when the common sense of the world will reprobate the nation that uses modern armaments for selfish purposes. Such place for them as will be tolerated will more and more be defined by world-authority expressed with growing clearness either by Geneva or in some analogous fashion.

Meanwhile there are corollary tasks, urgent and compelling. The war system has left us with little or no machinery, with only the shadow of law, for the regulation of the conflicting claims of nations. It is this barren "no man's land" which is its own claim for survival. It ought to be its supreme condemnation. Trade, travel, literature, art, and a thousand other forces have been drawing the peoples of the world into closer relationships. But these bristling guns along every frontier have made cooperation impossible and have embittered every clash of interests. Here are vast tasks which must be attempted incessantly.

There are visions also to inspire. When once murder has been dethroned from that regal place in statecraft to which Christendom preëminently has exalted it, not only will physical burdens be lifted from the shoulders of the race, but the psychological effects will sweeten the whole of existence. Science will wash the blood off its hands and go forth re-

demptive and integrating. Religion will mitigate its bigotries, inter-trade will lose its asperities, and a new commonwealth will begin to take shape. Man will stand forth in fearless freedom, and history will be written in gold and not in blood.

But for this age the two opposing principles confront each other in stark antagonism. Left to the free interplay of educational forces, the idea of the Peace Pact would come to its own. But the matter will not be so left. The sheer momentum of the war system will carry it to its own appointed goal — the only goal it knows — unless it be contended with. Peace will not be won without sacrifice. Is the capacity for it among us?

That, as we say in our momentary relapses into pagan expression, is "upon the lap of the gods." But it is the practical question of questions. Any voice that presumes to speak "for the age" must draw attention to it.

By the answer that is given within the next decade our age will go down the track of destiny marked in its forehead.

War and Human Nature

by

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"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice." Ephesians 4:31 (Am. Rev. Version)

I

Who has not heard it suggested that, human nature being what it is, certain undesirable things are bound to occur, and certain desirable things are bound not to occur? And who has not noticed that persons who offer this suggestion entertain a very poor opinion of human nature?

But what is human nature?

When somebody reveals a disposition to look out for Number One, it is commonly said that that is human nature. But, a short time ago, a French physician received from the representatives of three governments medals of honor for distinguished and heroic service. He had been an X-ray specialist before the days when the users of the powerful X-ray had learned how to protect themselves. Twenty years ago a telltale spot had developed in his right hand, and he had been urged to give up his experi-

ments, but had refused to do so. "No," said he, "this is what I know best, and I must keep on and find out what I can." He suffered the loss of his hand. Later he lost his arm up to the elbow. Later still he lost what remained of it up to the shoulder. Then his left hand became similarly affected, but he refused to discontinue his experiments, until his left arm likewise had been amputated above the elbow.

That, too, is human nature.

When somebody reveals a feeling of bitterness toward persons who have injured him, it is commonly remarked that that is human nature. On a certain evening soon after our American Civil War had ended, General Lee was sitting in his home, surrounded by devoted friends and neighbors, when a telegram came informing him that he had been indicted for treason. You will recall that when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, it was with the written understanding that so long as Southern officers observed their parole never to take up arms against the Government of the United States, the Government of the United States would never seek to punish them. And here, in spite of that solemn agreement, was this astonishing telegram announcing that Lee was to be summarily punished. Those present felt indignant, and in their grief and anger they spoke without restraint. They said harsh things, scornful things, bitter things. Even Lee's minister, the pastor of the church to which he

and his family belonged, spoke with untempered passion.

That, some one says, is human nature.

Yes, but when, at last, the guests had gone, all save the wrathful clergyman, Lee accompanied him to the door, stepped out into the vestibule, and closed the door behind him. Then he put his arm around his minister's shoulders and said to him, "My dear friend, I read from a Book, and you preach from it, which says, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you.' Is it not so, my friend, and aren't you just a little ashamed of some of the things which you said here tonight?"

That, too, is human nature.

On the night when Jesus was arrested in the Garden of Gethsemane, his disciples forsook him and fled. That, you may say, was human nature. During that same night a jealous, political priesthood, fearing the loss of its own prestige, arranged a judicial murder. That, too, you may say, was human nature. On the following morning a young man still in his thirties, who had chosen to die rather than surrender his ideals, was taken by a squad of soldiers to a skull-shaped hill outside the city walls and crucified. As they drove the nails through the palms of his hands, he said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

That, too, was human nature.

Suppose one should ask, "What is nature?" and should answer, "Nature is the cyclone which hurls man to destruction. It is the avalanche which buries him alive. It is the drought which starves him, the cold which freezes him, the heat which prostrates him, the germ which kills him." Would not every thoughtful person be wanting to protest: "Yes, that is true; but it is not the whole truth. Nature is all you have said it is; but it is vastly more than that, and gloriously other than that. Nature is, also, the sun which makes it possible for man to breathe the breath of life. It is the rain which refreshes him, the sea which ministers to him, the birds which sing for him, the flowers which bloom for him, the trees which give him shade, the grass which rests his eyes, the hills which rest his spirit, the sunset which disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts, the heavens which declare to him the glory of God."

If it would be unjust to single out some one or more destructive forces and exclaim, "See, now, that is nature!" is it not equally unjust to single out some one or more ignoble traits and say, "See, now, that is human nature"? Human nature is the man who puts rotten leather in shoes that are to be worn by soldiers. It is also Joyce Kilmer giving his life for an ideal. Human nature is Benedict Arnold at West Point. It is also George Washington at Valley Forge. Human nature is the scoundrel who deserts his wife when their baby is born. It is also that North Da-

kota farmer who, caught in a blinding blizzard and unable to find his way home, took off his overcoat and held it around his wife and child, and so kept them alive during the long winter's night, and was himself found frozen stiff in death in the morning.

The man who tries to excuse his own weakness by pleading the frailties of human nature needs to have somebody remind him that human nature in many men is not so frail. The man who seeks to dampen the ardor, to put out the faith, of young idealists by insisting that, human nature being what it is, prostitution is inevitable, and industrial injustice, and political corruption, and international strife, needs to have somebody come back at him with the assertion that, human nature being what it is, it is quite as reasonable to believe in the possibility of a decent world as it is to believe in the impossibility of any better world than we have today.

II

In order to secure a fairer future, we do not need to get away from human nature; we need only to get human nature away from certain false conceptions and malevolent institutions.

One reads today with no little amazement that the blessed St. Anthony never washed his feet; that the blessed St. Abraham during fifty years washed neither his feet nor his hands; that the blessed St. Sylvia never washed any part of her body except her fingers; that the blessed St. Mary of Egypt was

"eminent for her filthiness"; that, in short, there were scores of convents in which blessed saints conscientiously abstained from bathing. In order to secure some measure of human cleanliness, was it necessary to get away from human nature? No; it was only necessary to get human nature away from the mistaken notion that filthiness is an evidence of godliness.

In New Zealand, as late as 1845, "there did not exist many males of twenty years of age who had not, in their childhood, tasted human flesh." Yet in a single generation cannibalism in New Zealand was stamped out, and when, as rarely happened, a native could be induced to talk upon the subject, he evinced "a feeling of shame that he and his countrymen should ever have been liable to such a reproach." In order to put an end to cannibalism, was it necessary to get away from human nature? No; it was only necessary to get human nature away from the notion that human flesh is a legitimate article of diet.

Until recent times the practice of dueling was widespread. From Japan to Ireland duels were fought, and many of them brutal enough. Attempts to justify the duel were made on Scriptural grounds. A social code was evolved which gave men the right to obtain "the satisfaction of a gentleman" in case their courage was called in question, or their integrity, or their family honor. As late as the middle of the nineteenth century an English moralist insisted

that dueling tended to preserve "politeness and peace." In short, all the arguments that are now advanced in support of war were at one time advanced in support of dueling. And so long as gentlemen wore side arms ("the way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war"), so long as gentlemen were mentally and physically prepared for duels, they fought duels. But today, in England and in America, if one gentleman should kill another gentleman in a duel, he would be tried for murder. And even in Continental Europe, among romantic and excitable peoples, dueling is being, if not legislated, at least laughed out of court. In order to put an end to dueling, was it necessary to get away from human nature? No; it was only necessary to get human nature away from a false and ridiculous social code.

III

It has long been a human custom for men to fight one another when their rulers fall out, or their diplomats play too recklessly the great game of international politics, or their industrialists, with surplus capital to invest, become involved in feverish economic rivalries. And, no doubt, if men did not possess the fighting instinct, they would not fight. On this fighting instinct their rulers for thousands of years have felt able to rely. But is it necessary to modify human nature to the extent of eradicating the fighting instinct in order to put an end to war? No; it is only necessary to modify the intellectual

and institutional environment to which human nature is exposed. It is only necessary to persuade the masses of mankind that war, under modern conditions, is not only brutal but futile as a means of securing desirable social ends, and to substitute for the war system some sort of judicial machinery for the settlement of international disputes. The fighting instinct would remain, but would find satisfaction in less gruesome and destructive ways than the burning of villages, the starving of women and children, and the slaughter of ten million men.

During the Middle Ages, a vast deal of promising idealism was socially wasted, because misdirected, under the idea that suffering is valuable for its own sake. In that fascinating volume, *The Lives of the Saints*, you may read of one well-meaning fellow who would " stand naked in ice-cold water until he recited the psalter "; and of another who would " sleep among corpses "; and of another who would " keep a stone in his mouth throughout Lent "; and of another who lived for six months in a marsh where he was so terribly bitten and disfigured by insects that when, at last, he returned to the city, he was recognized only by his voice. Such incidents as these reveal in the medieval mind a strain of idealism which was immensely promising, but which was pathetically, even ludicrously, misdirected.

In more recent times that same idealism, under the spell of a very different notion of what is humanly desirable, led a Florence Nightingale, not

to sleep among corpses, but to establish hospitals for the sick and wounded of Crimean battlefields, and a Jesse Lazear, not to spend six months in an insect infected swamp, but to discover the way in which yellow fever is propagated by letting himself be bitten by a mosquito that had sucked the blood of a yellow fever patient. The idealism of these modern saints was no whit more splendid than the idealism of those medieval saints, but what a world of difference in the way in which it found expression!

And now, just suppose for one exciting moment that the fighting instinct, instead of applying itself to the destruction of human wealth and human life, should apply itself to the destruction of everything that now jeopardizes the welfare of mankind. Imagine the young men of a nation mobilized to fight — prostitution! Imagine the scientists of a nation mobilized to fight — disease! Imagine the women of a nation mobilized to fight — poor housing conditions! Imagine the educators of a nation mobilized to fight — ignorance! Imagine the statesmen of all nations mobilized to fight — war! What a sublime poetic justice would be achieved if, after all the centuries of human blood and tears, the ineradicable fighting instinct of the race should be turned against war itself, and some future generation of "happy warriors" should be able to say, "Under the banner of the Prince of Peace we fought the God of War and won."

This victory may come much sooner than we think. By this I do not mean that it lies within the power of any one generation to secure universal peace for all succeeding generations. I only mean that the habit of settling international disputes by judicial processes may become established in the life of the world much sooner than many people dare to hope.

Who, in 1825, would have ventured to believe that in less than fifty years there would not be a legal slave on the American continent? Who, at the birth of the twentieth century, would have dared to predict that in less than twenty-five years Ireland would be enjoying (if that is the word) home rule; or that the liquor traffic would be outlawed in the United States; or that the political franchise would be given to the women of the Anglo-Saxon world? It seems to be characteristic of great reforms that, for a long time, there is apparently but little progress, and then suddenly there is a shout of triumph.

It may be, however, that so great a victory as the destruction of war cannot be won in our time, or even in our children's time. It is one thing, as we now know, to outlaw slavery. It is another thing to secure for the ex-slave equality of opportunity. It is one thing to outlaw the liquor traffic. It is another thing to develop temperance in the lives of men. So, too, it will be one thing to outlaw war; another thing to build those habits of right thinking and just be-

havior from which alone a worthful and enduring peace may be derived.

The prejudices developed under slavery still remain after the slave is declared legally free. A new generation must arise in whose eyes the Negro is not merely an ex-slave, but a brother man. The habits developed under the liquor traffic still remain after the traffic is legally banned. A new generation must appear whose minds are unhaunted by open saloons, and whose bodies are undrugged by alcoholic poisons. So, also, the fears and hates developed under the war system may linger on after the system itself has been partially scrapped. The world may have to wait for the appearing of some new generation whose memories are untroubled by the anguish and disillusionment of these recent terrible years. But even so, cannot we of this generation afford to strive on toward the completion of that unfinished task which men who died in Flanders' fields and the Argonne forest so nobly began — the destruction of war?

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